# Saturday Review

JULY 19, 1958 / 25¢

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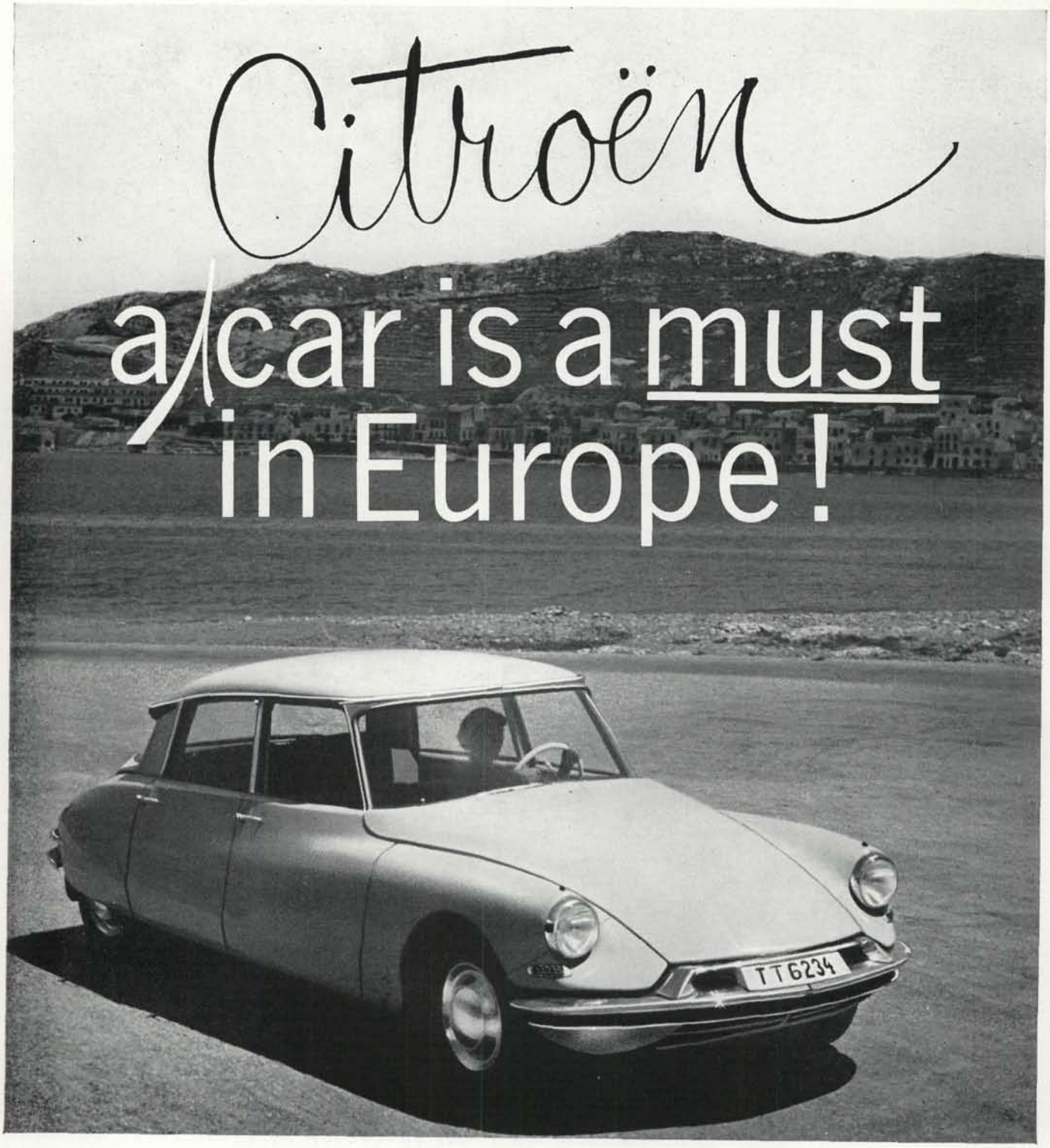


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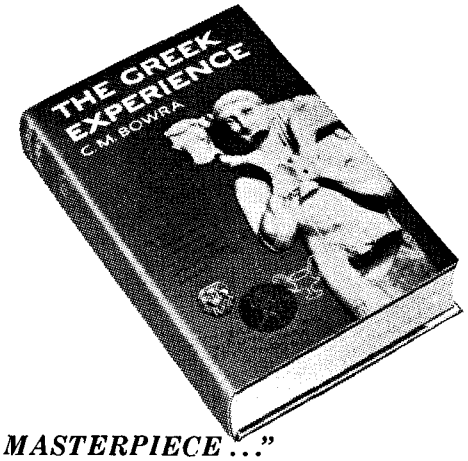


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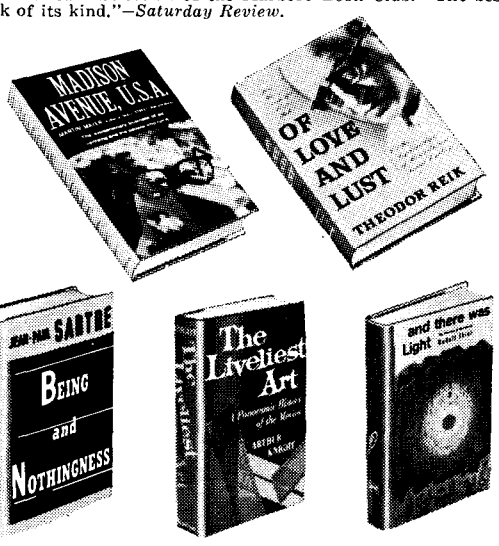


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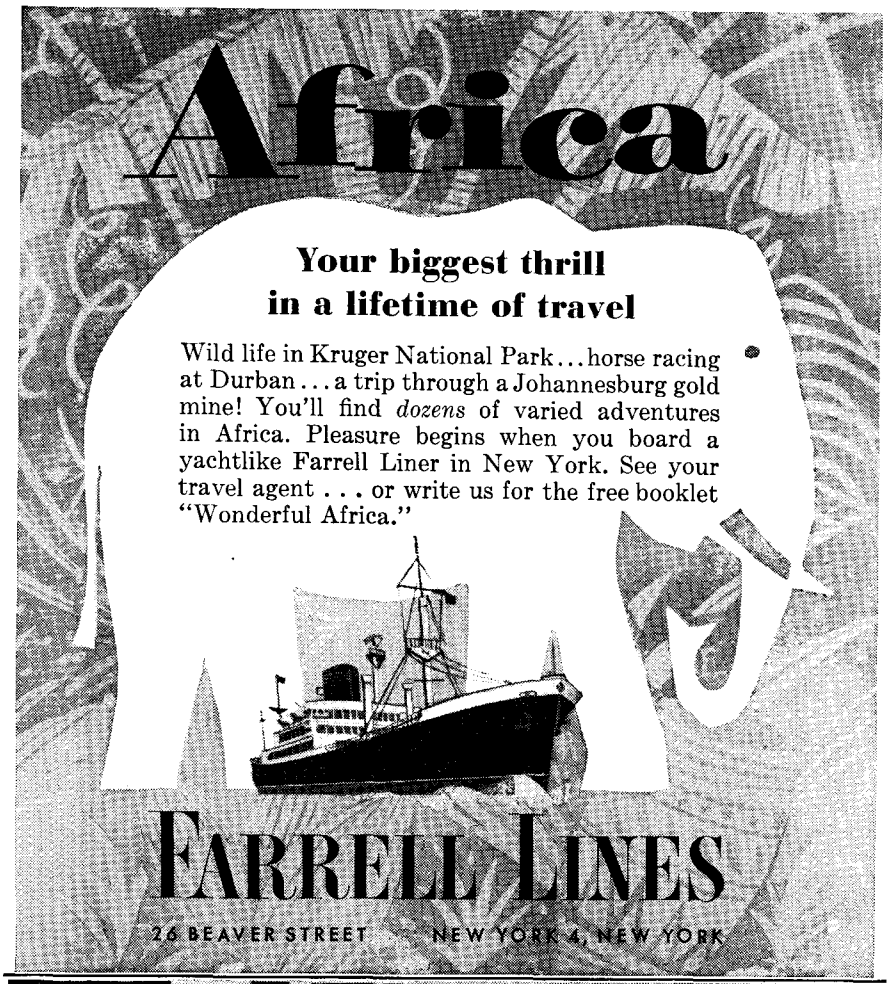
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## THE PHOENIX NEST

Edited by Martin Levin

### THE CURIOUS CASE OF THE TONGUE WHICH WOULD NOT WAG

THIS is the tale of Quintius Quip:
A Cliche never passed his lip.
When other folk made verbiage small,
Quintius made none at all,
When he met a *bon mot* booster,
Quintius did him one *mot juster*.
Quip, the child, had an aversion
To "in the swim," preferred "immersion,"
Would sooner ford the River Styx
Than be heard murmuring "How's tricks?"
Grew to manhood, full of hate
For "nice to meet you," "cheers," "that's great!"
And (when he had grown quite hoary)
*Q.E.D.* and *a priori*,
Til, finding no more words to fret,
He tired of the alphabet.
And when the Specter did appear,
Quintius was so shocked to hear,
"Time's up! You've drawn your final breaths,"
He failed, and died a thousand deaths. —RICHARD LEMON.

• • •

### "HERE'S GOOD NEWS FROM A. & P."

I AM, I suppose, what might be called a curable optimist. But I cure hard.

There was a time, years ago, when the ring of a telephone aroused the most pleasurable anticipations in me. Somebody was giving a whale of a party, and could I come? Or somebody else had met a girl who had seen me walking down 45th Street, and she thought I looked so young and dashing. Of course, that was never what the calls were about. "I'm speaking from Judge Lefkowitz's chambers, and he's very interested in the Junior Welfare League" . . . Or "A cousin of mine has written an extraordinary play. It isn't really a play you could act, anyhow not just yet, but it's about something that really happened, and when you consider that this boy is only twenty and has never written a play before" . . .

It took me a long time to learn, but it finally dawned on me that nowhere in the city were people sitting around, saying to each other: "Now, what can we do wonderful for George Kaufman? Let's call him up."

In recent years the radio has replaced the telephone in that respect, but I am still sucker enough to fall for it. "Here's good news from A. & P.," it will say, and instantly I am all ears. I fully expect it to go right on: "If your name is Kaufman the Government is going to give you back all the money you have ever paid in as income tax. You don't have to fill in any forms, or show any records, or do a darned thing. A fellow will just drop in around two tomorrow afternoon and hand you the money."

Well, I need hardly tell you that that was not what the A. & P. had in mind at all. . . . Something about pigs' knuckles, as I now recall.

—GEORGE S. KAUFMAN.

• • •

### IF TELEVISION REVIEWED THE NEWSPAPERS

THIS is your newspaper reviewer, Bennett Benday.

Let's start with the *Times*.

If you missed this often stimulating paper this morning, I suggest you scout around the dumbwaiter shaft, for there's an article—Page One, Column Seven—that makes us feel the whole experiment's been worth it, from the invention of movable type down to the high speed rotary press. The newspaper has at last and indeed come of age. I refer to a hard-hitting no-nonsense account, by the *Times*'s very capable Davis L. Fenstermacher, of the monsoons in Baluchistan, a film of which you may have caught on your 6 P.M. newscast on this channel last night.

Fenstermacher begins his story in the classic, controlled style that has become his trade mark, stating where and when the storms occurred, the velocity of the winds, and the number of persons killed, injured, and made homeless. From here he builds to trenchant quotes from the local roads commissioner and district drains inspector, and an astute summing up by a taxi driver. An old resident, in perhaps the most sensitively drawn paragraph, is made to recall other monsoon seasons and compare them with this one. Whether it was Fenstermacher himself who wrote a long passage describing the number of hours that trains, buses, and trams, in and out of the stricken areas have been delayed, or whether an insertion was later made by Orvil E. Dryfoos, Turner Catledge, or one of their desk men, the decision to include the material was well taken, and reflects credit on the *Times* management.

If this reviewer may be permitted one captious observation, it is directed at the make-up department, which must be held accountable for jumping the story—in the middle of a word, at that—to page Seventy-three, jolting the reader unceremoniously out of the mood Fenstermacher has spun. The error was compounded by the placing of the jumped story cheek-by-jowl with an R. H. Macy ad for ladies' cowhide bags! Could the *Times* have been unaware that the predominantly Hindu Baluchistani would be affronted by such a juxtaposition? Or has the intensely competitive newspaper business, with its ulcer-producing pressures for greater circulation and ad lineage, rendered Arthur Hays Sulzberger callous on such matters? It is a matter the Publishers and Editors Association might profitably look into. But let us not niggle: Fenstermacher has written a crackerjack story, the headlines are in good taste, and the ink did not come off on our fingers.

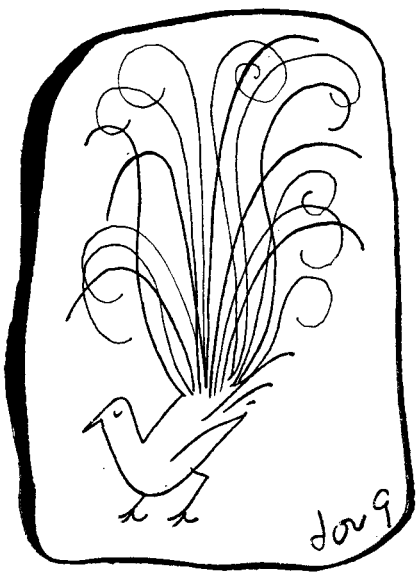
On Page Eighteen, this morning . . .

—GORDON COTLER.

• • •

### AND ONE HUNDRED YEARS FROM TODAY

*WASHINGTON:* The President checked into the Walter Reed Hospital early this morning. Doctors say it may be twins . . . *New York:* Hordes of sentimentalists will be on hand to collect shards when the historic Lever Brothers Building is finally demolished. Efforts to preserve this emblem of a more gracious age collapsed when the Corning Glass Works outbid the American Historical Society. . . . The Ford Foundation has granted $750,000 to an educational experiment which will investigate the use of books as possible visual aids. . . . —M. L.



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# TRADE Winds

**NEXT TO THE PUN,** the practical joke has come in for its share of unjustified abuse. Long sneered at by those who fail to grasp its subtleties, the good practical joke will long stand as the salt of an otherwise routine existence.

Hugh Troy, a tall Manhattanite with a zest for life, is a legendary exponent of the art—a simple example being the time he arranged to meet a friend on the corner of 43rd and Madison Avenue for a cocktail. Prior to the friend's arrival, the tall Mr. Troy planted a small cocktail shaker on a high ledge of the Biltmore Hotel wall. When the friend arrived, Mr. Troy reached up to the ledge and poured each of them a drink.

"It's more economical this way," he said, as he toasted his startled friend.

**BUT SOMETIMES,** even the best-planned, benevolent gag can backfire. At one period, novelist Al Morgan, NBC commentator Hugh Downs, Arlene Francis, and myself were involved in producing a documentary film in a remote section of Connecticut known for bloodthirsty Indians in its past history.

With a script conference called in a lonely farmhouse which was available, it seemed only right that when Arlene arrived a couple of Indians should be peering in the windows. She would obviously give a double-take and swear she had seen a couple of Indians. We would then of course deny it, go outside to prove there *were* no Indians. In the meantime, the Indians would come in the house, examine Arlene's scalp, find it unworthy, and leave. We would then come in and say we had scouted the neighborhood, and assure Arlene there were absolutely no Indians about.

We located a couple of genuine Indians in a nearby town, and persuaded them to carry out the act in return for a couple of bottles of bonded firewater.

What we failed to count on was the shock value of seeing a live, full-blooded Indian outside a window.

Instead of curiosity, there was fright. Instead of a double-take, there was mayhem.

This is a *bad* practical joke. This is the kind of thing which gives practical joking a bad name.

**WHEN AL MORGAN** rented this same farm for a month's vacation, I was able to persuade a local little-theatre group to heave their scenery on a truck, and to round up enough volunteers to help set up a full living-room set outside the kitchen door.

The plan was to do this at four in the morning, so that when Morgan came downstairs for breakfast he would open the back door to breathe in the beauties of nature—and find himself in a completely furnished room which hadn't been there the night before.

But, somehow, the signals got mixed, the scenery was unloaded helter-skelter; and the gag went up in smoke.

This could have been a good, benevolent joke—but failed from lack of proper planning.

**IF THE TOLL GATE** keepers along the New Jersey Turnpike near Newark have been a little confused recently, it's because of the work of several novelists who have been appearing on the TV show "Make Up a Story," broadcast over WNTA-TV, whose coverage is New York but whose studios are in Newark.

Each Friday evening a large rented Cadillac, complete with chauffeur, has been driving the panel of novelists to Newark and on their return. When the producer of the show discovered a few extra record albums titled "Lou Monte Sings," the supply was hijacked by the authors, who each week have been presenting the toll-gate keepers with the album. The first week, it was inscribed: "To My Favorite Toll-Gate Keeper—Lou Monte." The second week: "To My Second Favorite Toll-Gate Keeper." It is now up to "My Fifth Favorite Toll-Gate Keeper"—and the hi-jacked supply has run out.

However, the benevolence of the authors has not. They have also been taking a collection, and paying the toll for the next six cars behind the shiny Cadillac. Courtesy of Lou Monte, of course.

**TOLL-GATE GAGS,** however, are nothing new. One very well-known editor has a season commuting tag on his car which permits him to go by the gate without stopping to pay cash.

On one trip, his passengers were totally unaware of this, and as he passed through the gate he simply leaned out and called to the gatekeeper: "Friend of the Governor!"

The keeper, of course, waved him on on the basis of his commuting tag. The friends are still wondering.

**ONE EXURBANITE** in Connecticut who has a fondness for practical jokes was asked by his neighbors to bring them some groceries when he went into town. It was a bitter day, and snowing heavily—almost a blizzard. When he got back from town he noticed his neighbors in their kitchen, which commanded a view of a long lawn. To dramatize the delivery of the groceries, he got out an old pair of snowshoes, a pack, a rifle, and a fur hat. He then started at one end of the lawn, crawled slowly and dramatically on his stomach the entire distance, like a weary prospector in the Yukon.

He reached the kitchen door, and feigned a collapse on the back steps—a picture of getting the serum through, if there ever was one.

The only trouble was that by the time he had started his act, the neigh-

"You can't tell *me* things were better when the Republic wasn't going downhill."

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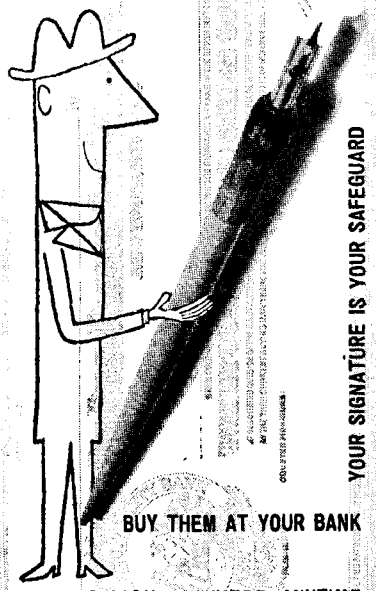

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bors had left the kitchen. and missed the whole drama.

**NOT IN THE REALM** of practical jokes, but in that of publishing history, are two legendary giant books from the presses of Rinehart which have come into the news recently. They are "Anthony Adverse" and "Islandia."

The sturdy perennial, "Anthony Adverse," celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary on June 26 of this year, and all 1,225 pages of it are still selling. Back in the good old days, you could pick the book up for $3; today it is $5.

"Islandia," the other giant, was first published in 1942—and has suffered two severe setbacks. The first happened when signals got crossed in the war-shortage years, and the plates were destroyed by accident. The second: when the original of the 2,200-page manuscript was being shipped back from a book-fair in Philadelphia it was lost in transit. "Islandia" is now being reissued in September, and if you'd like to pick up a cool $1,000 reward, Rinehart is not fooling when they offer it for the manuscript's return.

**BACK TO** practical jokes again—they can sometimes be carried too far. One ex-Marine who lived in the outskirts of San Francisco was to meet his wife coming back to one of the two local airports. He got out his uniform and duffel bag, met her plane, and told her he had to return to active duty. He went to a nearby ramp, boarded another plane, and waved a sad goodbye.

The plane, of course, was making a ferry hop to the other local airport, much nearer his home. When his wife arrived home to find him sitting in bathrobe and slippers in his easy-chair she could not even muster a weak, ineffectual smile.

And, on second thought, the whole problem of practical jokes needs agonizing reappraisal.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

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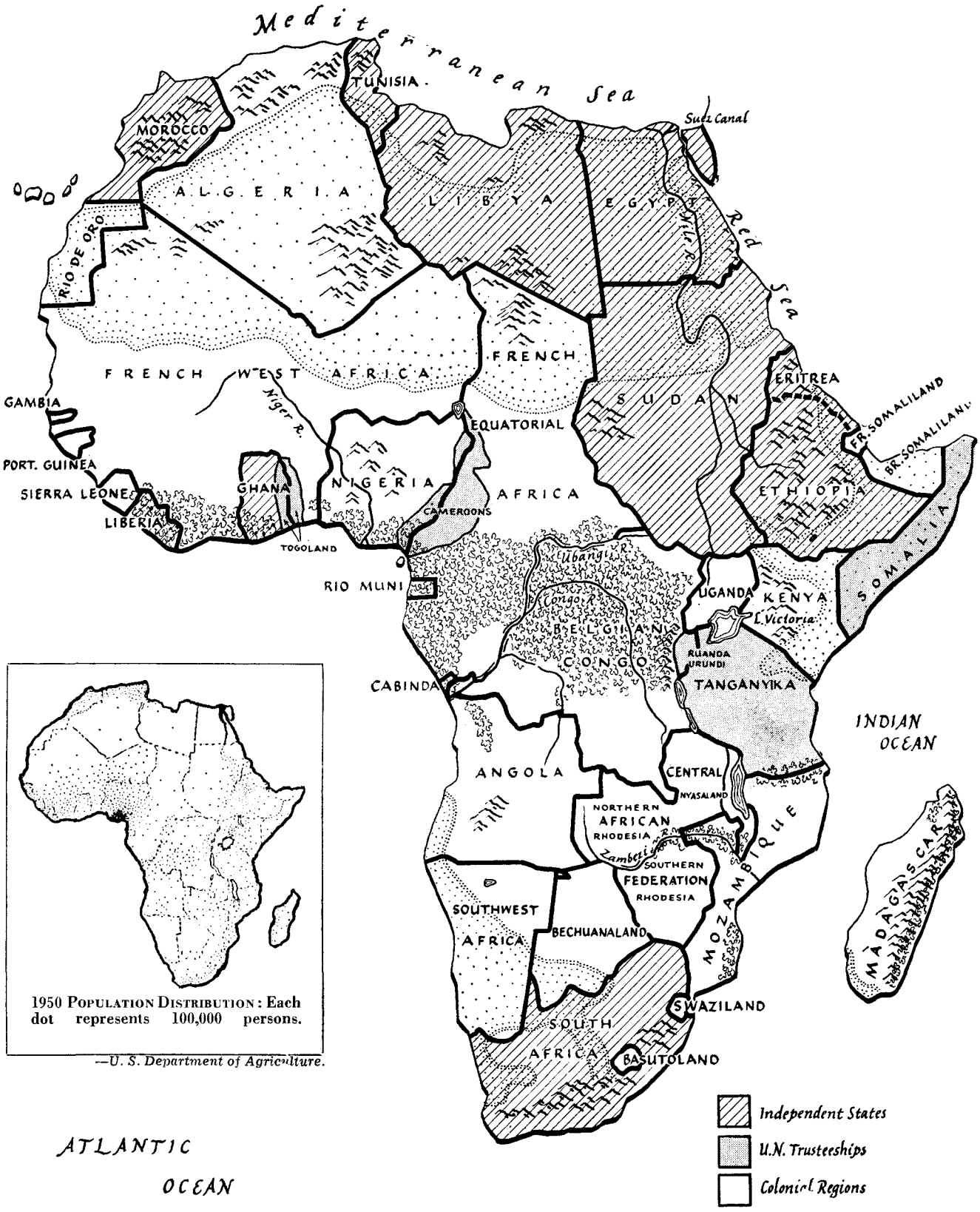


1950 POPULATION DISTRIBUTION: Each dot represents 100,000 persons.

—U. S. Department of Agriculture.

—SR *Map by Lee Hunt.*

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*The Saturday Review*
JULY 19, 1958

# AFRICA

## New Star in History

TWO years ago Assistant Secretary of State George V. Allen made a speech in which he said: "All of the so-called colonial powers on the continent of Africa are our friends and allies in the worldwide contest between the free and Communist worlds . . . A sudden break of these (colonial) lifelines would create conditions of instability most harmful to our African friends." In the same year, in his "Africa's Challenge to America," Chester Bowles wrote: ". . . We have seen enough of the political realities of Africa to know that the pace of events there can no longer be controlled by our European friends. Although we cannot control it either, wise policies may enable us to influence developments in ways that will advance the Africans, and protect not only our legitimate interests, but also those of NATO. But our present policy of negativism is dissipating any capacity we may have to fulfill this constructive function."

Since 1945, in so far as it has been concerned about Africa, American policy has vibrated between these two approaches: 1. Mr. Allen's: we must not endanger the "anti-Communist coalition" by antagonizing or weakening England, France, Belgium, and Portugal, so we must hope that nothing drastic will happen in Africa or that we can escape the blame if something does; 2. Mr. Bowles's: the colonial regimes are doomed by history and detested by the Africans, so the United States must cease at once to identify herself with them, lest we turn Africa into a permanent foe. In the last several months the differences between these two viewpoints have begun to take on a really clamorous importance. In the Suez and Algerian situations England and France ran into serious—almost catastrophic—dead-ends. Meanwhile, at the Accra Conference and on the road, Dr. Nkrumah of Ghana and other African leaders have given corporeal substance to the fast-mounting movement of pan-African nationalism. Yet, in colonial regions where there is any considerable white settlement, like Kenya or the Federation, recent events have damaged the hopes of the Africans that they can there aspire legally to anything but marked second-class status in the foreseeable future. In the Union, an increasingly brutal tempo of repressive legislation shows to what extent the present Government there is prepared to go. And any convulsion in South Africa is bound to touch off a continental human earthquake. What can America do to help avoid this catastrophe?

But Africa is more than a fascinating, dismaying puzzle in political futurities. She is, for one thing, a very poor continent. Whether free or subject, Africa will require social attention and economic help for many generations to come. Africa is also rich—rich in beauty and resources, amazingly rich in people: people who want to live in mutual respect, to build and attend schools; to hunt and farm and write books and read them; lastly, to get out, meet, and talk, as free men, with the rest of the world. In this special section, the editors of *The Saturday Review* have attempted to see through the traditional maze of conceptual obstacles and errors to the essential nature of the Africans—to the problems and potentialities which they share in common—in the hope that in so doing we can benefit both their future and our own.

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BOOKSHELF

# Men and Cultures

IN THE Nile Valley Africa produced one of the earliest centers of human civilization. The literatures on the arts and societies of Pharaonic, Hellenic, and Roman Egypt; the North African coast under the Carthaginians, the Vandals, the Byzantines, and the Moslems; the creeping poison of the slave-trade down east and west coasts; the European settlement in south and east; the gradual opening up—like a titanic, slumbering shellfish—of the dark interior, comprise one of the most enthralling libraries in the world. But there is room here only for a summary check-list of some of the best books on the cultures of modern Africa.

## AFRICA AND AMERICA

**"Africa's Challenge to America."** *By Chester Bowles. University of California Press (1956).* Many of Mr. Bowles's prophecies have already materialized, and it looks as if the rest are on the way.

**"Inside Africa."** *By John Gunther. Harper (1955).* Considering the speed of Mr. Gunther's trip through the Dark Continent, the veteran reporter's book has obtained a surprisingly favorable response from the Africans.

**"Africa and the Western World."** *Edited by Thorsten Sellin. American Academy of Political and Social Science (1956).*

## RACE AND CULTURE

**"Races of Africa."** *By Charles Gabriel Seligman. Oxford (1957).*

**"Egypt's Liberation; the Philosophy of the Revolution."** *By Gamal Abdul Nasser. Public Affairs Press (1955).*

**"Ghana; the Autobiography of Kwame Nkrumah."** *By Kwame Nkrumah. Nelson (1957).*

**"Facing Mount Kenya: The Tribal Life of the Kikuyu."** *By Jomo Kenyatta. Secker and Warburg (1938).*

**"Report of the United Nations Commission on the Racial Situation in the Union of South Africa."** *Three reports to the General Assembly.* This commission was considered "illegal" by both the Union and the United Kingdom, on the grounds that it interfered with the internal affairs of a member state. It recommends international technical aid and moral support for South Africa and, of course, the immediate end of racial discrimination.

**"Naught for Your Comfort."** *By Trevor Huddleston. Doubleday (1953).* One of the most beautiful books ever written on the subject, by an Anglican priest who for many years served the Africans of Johannesburg and was then forced by the Nationalist Government to leave.

**"The Meaning of Apartheid."** *By Dr. W. W. M. Eiselen. South African Institute for Race Relations.* The South African Institute for Race Relations, which performs its good works right in the Devil's lap, received *SR*'s Anisfield-Wolf Award for 1958.

**"African Traditional Religion."** *By Geoffrey Parrinder. Hutchinson's Univ. Library (1954).*

**"Mittee."** *by Daphne Rooke. Houghton Mifflin (1951).* One of the haunting novels of this English-speaking South African white woman, in whose works the stark beauty of the landscape and the ancient, ominous, silent struggle between the races blend into marvelous effects.

**"Cry, the Beloved Country."** *By Alan Paton. Scribner (1948).*

**"African Education; A Study of Education Policy and Practices in British Tropical Africa."** *Nuffield Foundation and the Colonial Office (1953).*

**"Drum: the Newspaper that Won the Heart of Africa."** *By Anthony Sampson. Houghton Mifflin (1957).*

## SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC

**"World Population and World Food Supplies."** *By Sir John Russell. Macmillan (1955).*

**"Enlargement of the Exchange Economy in Tropical Africa."** *United Nations Dept. of Economic Affairs (1954).*

**"Social Implications of Industrialization and Urbanization in Africa South of the Sahara."** *Prepared under the auspices of UNESCO by the International African Institute (1956).*

**"Economic Impact on Under-developed Societies: Essays on International Investment and Social Change."** *By S. Herbert Frankel. Harvard (1953).*

**"West African Trade: A Study of Competition, Oligopoly, and Monopoly in a Changing Economy."** *By Peter Tamas Bauer. Cambridge (1954).*

## POLITICAL HISTORY

**"A History of Modern Egypt and Anglo-Egyptian Relations: 1800-1953."** *By John Marlow. Praeger (1954).*

**"The Question."** *By Henri Alleg. Braziller (1958).* One man's experiences with the French anti-nationalist paratroops in Algeria.

**"Mendes-France."** *By Alexander Werth. Abelard-Schuman (1958).* Imbedded in this biography by the eminent English journalist is a superb account of the background of the Algerian crisis, and its relations to the tax-laws and political system of the Motherland.

**"The Politics of Inequality."** *By Gwendolen M. Carter. Praeger (1958).* The most authoritative study of South African politics since 1948.

**"South Africa: A Short History."** *By Arthur Keppel-Jones. Hutchinson's Univ. Library (1953).*

**"Permanent Way; the Story of the Kenya and Uganda Railway."** *By Mervyn F. Hill. East African Railways and Harbours (1950).* A superb discussion of the peoples of East Africa.

**"Asian-African Conference, Bandung, Java, 1955."** *Selected documents of the Bandung Conference. The Institute of Pacific Relations (1955).*

**"An African Survey; A Study of Problems Arising in Africa South of the Sahara."** *By William Malcolm Hailey. Royal Institute of International Affairs (1957).* The definitive study of colonial Africa.

**"Africa; A Social, Economic and Political Geography of Its Major Regions."** *By Walter Fitzgerald. Methuen (1950).*

**"Africa Emergent."** *By William Miller. Macmillan. Faber and Faber (1938).*

## SPECULATION

**"Before the African Storm."** *By John Cookson, Bobbs-Merrill (1954).*

**"Africa in the Modern World."** *Edited by Calvin W. Stillman. Chicago (1955).*

**"Pan-Africanism or Communism? The Coming Struggle for Africa."** *By George Padmore. Roy (1956).*

**"The Imperialist Fight for Africa and the Liberation Movement of the Peoples."** *USSR Academy of Sciences (1954.)* The view from the other side of the Curtain.

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—European. —European. —European. —European. —Dan Weiner.

**THE FACE OF MODERN AFRICA** (from left to right): 1. A youthful Mau Mau; 2. Saadi Yacef, an Algerian nationalist chief, now under sentence of death; 3. an Indian demonstrating against the Malan Government; 4. a white settler in Kenya; 5. an industrial worker in Johannesburg.

**POPULATION**

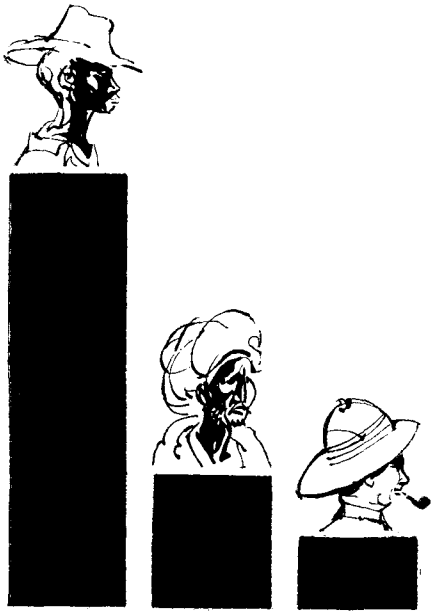
# A Whiff of White

AFRICA is the ancestral home of the black race, which altogether makes up somewhat less than 10 per cent of the human family. In 1958 about 220 million persons lived on the Dark Continent itself—of whom about 6 million were Europeans; 12 million Indians and other Asians; the rest divided between the Arabs of the North and East Coasts and the more than 800 different tribes of Negro. Of the total population, about 87 million live in self-governing areas; about 133 million in non-self-governing ones. About one-quarter of the Africans live in urban areas.

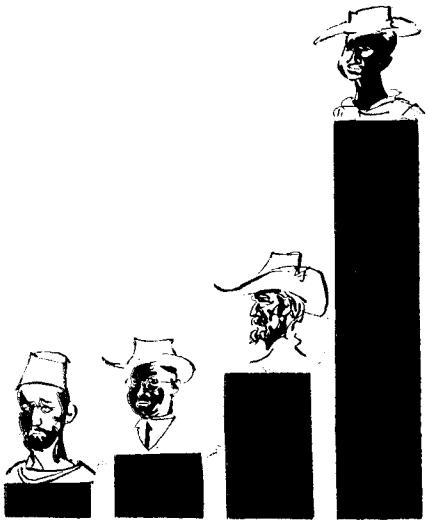
Except for three major regions—the mouth of the Niger, the valley of the Nile, and the littoral of the Western Mediterranean—Africa has no population problem *per se:* that is, her overall population density is far lower than Asia's. However, Africa is growing at one of the fastest rates in the world; her population has gone up 13 per cent since 1950, and demographers anticipate that this rate of increase will rise sharply in the next generation. More important, when we turn to the subject of proper support of population the picture darkens considerably, for a great part of Africa is unsuitable for large-scale food-production—at least, with present-day technologies. One region remains which might without harm be inhabited more densely than it now is: a wide belt of high grasslands running from Capetown up through the Rhodesias and Nyasaland to Kenya and Tanganyika —brushing Mozambique and the Congo. This entire territory, of course, is dominated by Europeans, and even here many grave obstacles are offered to an intenser agriculture. In at least one part of Africa, Egypt, the population pressure must soon lead to important political consequences. Here, 24 million terribly impoverished human beings swarm in the Valley of the Nile; Nasser himself has admitted that 80 per cent of his people live barely above the starvation level.

In general, the African enjoys poor health. What land he does control he has farmed badly for centuries; the climate and the soil-quality are against him, too; the steady migration of young males to the white man's factories has left the Africans' farms in the care of the women and aged: sometimes tribal traditions compel him to subsist on an inadequate diet; all over the continent are found shortages of fats, vitamins, many minerals, and often proteins. Endemic malnutrition—the spoor of these deficiencies—is aggravated by widespread intestinal infestations (worms, etc.), malaria, skin diseases, etc. In the white-run areas, where the African has been mobilized into Western-style industry, he often finds himself working and living in conditions of misery—like those of the mines and slums of South Africa—which are notorious world-scandals.

The Union is also a ripe specimen of another African population phenomenon: multi-racial complexity. In addition to the division of the 3 million whites of the Union into English-speaking and Afrikaans-speaking groups, the population consists of 9 million "Natives" (Africans still more or less affiliated with the tribes); 1 million "Coloreds" (a homogeneous group descended from early miscegenations between the first white settlers in the Cape and the Hottentots, Bushmen, or Malays they found there); and about 350,000 Asians (settled mostly in Natal, where they have concentrated in special trades and businesses).



**Africa's People:** 200 million Africans; 12 million Asians; 6 million Europeans.



**The Union's People:** 350,000 Asians; 1 million "Coloreds"; 3 million whites; 9 million Africans.

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**AGRICULTURE**

# Dry, Drier, Wet

ONE of the most decisive and disturbing summations of the agriculture of Africa has been included by the great English agronomist Sir John Russell in his authoritative study, "World Population and World Food Supplies": "Africa is, of all the continents, the poorest in agricultural resources, apart from the lower Nile region and parts of Mauretania. The soils are poor, large areas of those under forest have been drastically leached, and none of the grasslands have formed fertile black soils like those of the Russian black earths, the North American prairies, or the South American pampas. Few of the native plants are susceptible of improvement for human use; only in Ethiopia are a few species of food plants native, but these were never developed by the inhabitants. Food for animals is equally sparse: the native grasses are nutritious for only a short period of their growth, so that cattle cannot easily become either good workers or good milkers. Almost the whole continent is beset with insects of great variety, often carriers of disease: malaria and sleeping sickness in man; trypanosomiasis, rinderpest, and others in animals."

This is a very gloomy picture, and there is no cheap and easy way of turning it into a cheerful one. In the north and south of the continent are the great riverless, nearly waterless deserts. Much of the intervening tableland has been seriously damaged by bad crop management and long erosion, but much of it could be made fertile, if only more than a tiny few of Africa's rivers lent themselves readily to irrigation schemes. Lastly, the huge central realm of equatorial rainforest must disappoint a generation of science-fiction fans who have dreamed that Yankee know-how plus Yankee billions shall transmute the jungle into a vast, glassless greenhouse, with foodstuffs springing out of the humid earth like Jack's beanstalk. For, despite the luxuriant facade, the jungle poses a tough agricultural proposition: the tremendous rains have dissolved and carried off most of the valuable minerals, and those soils remaining are especially liable to water erosion. Over and above these scientific considerations stand the human ones: the hundreds of groups, in dozens of stages of development, all—black and white alike—more or less resistant to major agricultural planning.

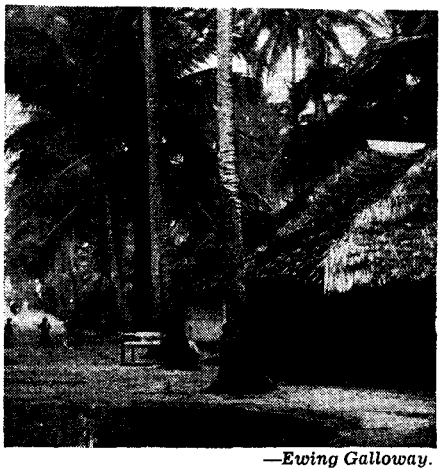
Some colonial powers, as well as most of the independent states, maintain laboratories and out-stations, like those of the Nuffield scheme in British Africa, for the investigation of agricultural problems, but it is doubtful that these efforts are sufficiently integrated, or sufficiently budgeted, to meet the need. But other colonial powers are notoriously indifferent to the long-range soundness of the agronomies they control. Absentee landlordism is an evil encountered throughout the colonial areas; perhaps its outstanding example, and an example also of callous indifference to the health of a subject agronomy, is on exhibit in Algeria, where a few enormously wealthy and powerful French proprietors, taking advantage of special subsidy and tax arrangements, have heavily concentrated on wine growing—to the vast detriment of balanced foodstuff production.

Still, Africa does possess some natural features of which engineers can make use, and some major projects are on the drawing boards or in progress: the Kariba Dam on the Zambezi; the Owen Falls Dam in Uganda; the Volta Project in Ghana; developing the Limpopo Valley in Mozambique; developing the Juba and Shebeli Valleys in Somalia, etc. Th construction of hydroelectric facilities for industry is the main objective of most of these projects, but they possess, as well, obvious agricultural potentials. In other considerable areas, such as Northern Rhodesia, cattle-raising on a Texas basis can begin once the authorities have rehabilitated the quality of the stock, insured a reliable water supply, and instituted a program of insect-control, especially of the tsetse fly, which now appears to be on the verge of losing its sting, sleeping sickness, as a result of recent medical discoveries.

BUT like all primitive economies which innocently step into the hurricane of the Industrial Revolution, African society and African reform lie under the hammer of a population explosion which tends to erase every gain that is made—before it is made. Even areas of comparative agricultural prosperity, like the Union of South Africa, are slowly, inexorably metamorphosing from food-exporters to food-importers—partly because of declining soil fertility (a result of bad farming), mostly because of the population boom. Egypt's original, grandiose conception of the High Aswan Dam was an installation, costing more than 1 billion dollars, which would bring under cultivation more than 2 million additional acres of desert. But the project was to take ten years in the building, and meanwhile Egypt's gigantic birth-rate would have filled up the new farms before they were created. And so it goes everywhere in Africa, even now, long before any coherent, continent-scale developments have been undertaken.

—*Ewing Galloway.*

—*European.*



—*Ewing Galloway.*

**DRY, DRIER, AND WET:** Agriculturally, Africa is just poor. In the continent's highlands, from Tunisia to the Cape (left picture), wind erosion is eating away at soil which hardly ever gets enough rainfall. The desert proper, of course (middle picture), forbids growing things, although nuclear power may restore part of the Mediterranean littoral to its pre-medieval lushness. And the equatorial regions (at right) present a wholly different agricultural riddle, that of excessive rainfall, as yet unsolved.

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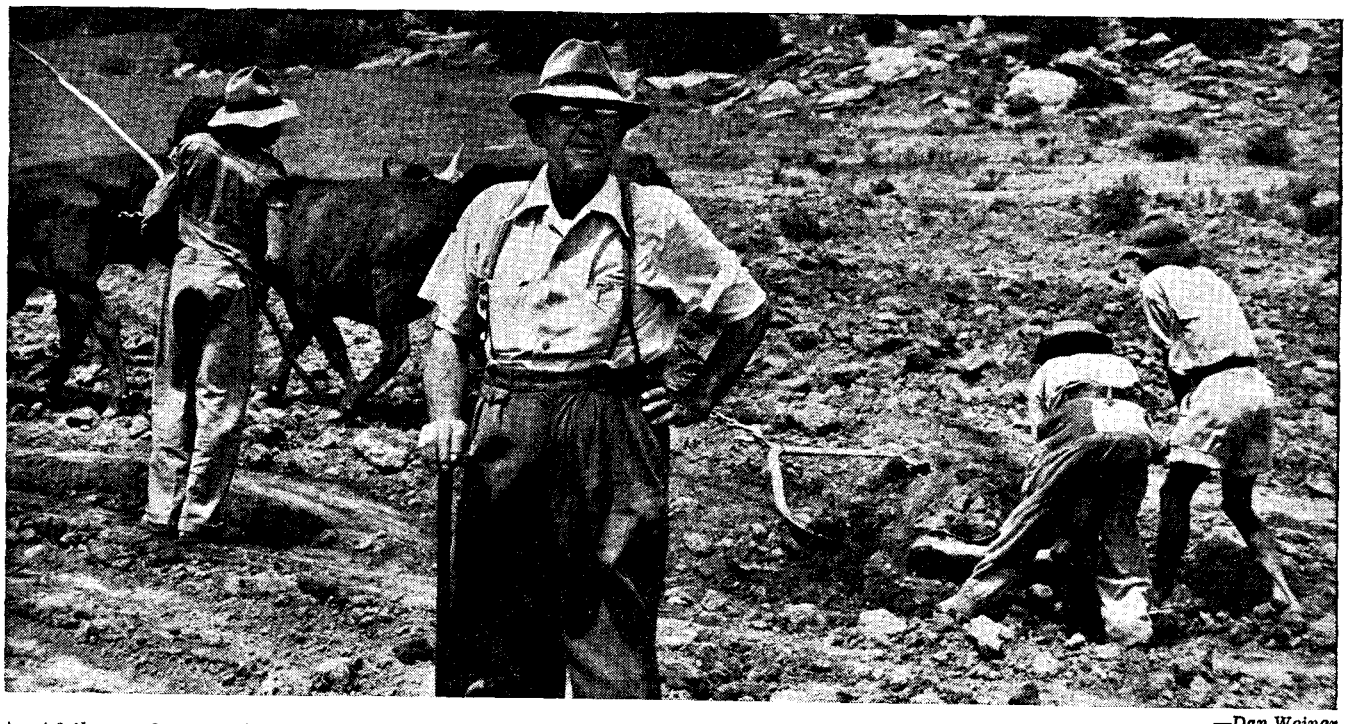

—*Dan Weiner.*

**An Afrikaner farmer of the Orange Free State:** ". . . (The color bar) is bad for the Europeans, who are brought up to consider the possession of a white skin as a sign of superiority; it is bad for the non-Europeans, who, continually humiliated and degraded, develop an inferiority complex which spells grave danger for the very existence of our civilization." (*Central African Examiner*, March 15, 1958).

—*European.*

**The Union of South Africa suburb of Sophiatown, now demolished:** "The white electorate is increasingly 'illiberal.' I have often argued that this can end only in the destruction of the white regime altogether" (Arthur Keppel-Jones, professor of history, Natal University).

—*Dan Weiner.*

**Cato Manor, Durban:** "Over two hundred million blacks are certainly not going to accept leadership from the heirs of Paul Kruger. White South Africa will be fortunate if, fifty years from now, it is still a tolerated minority group" (Father Trevor Huddleston).

—*Pix.*

**Construction worker in Kenya:** "Four-fifths of the population are . . . reduced to a humiliating level which is injurious to human dignity and makes the full development of personality impossible or very difficult . . . The forces of agitation and subversion (will find) an increasingly favorable soil" (United Nations Commission on the Racial Situation in South Africa).

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ECONOMY

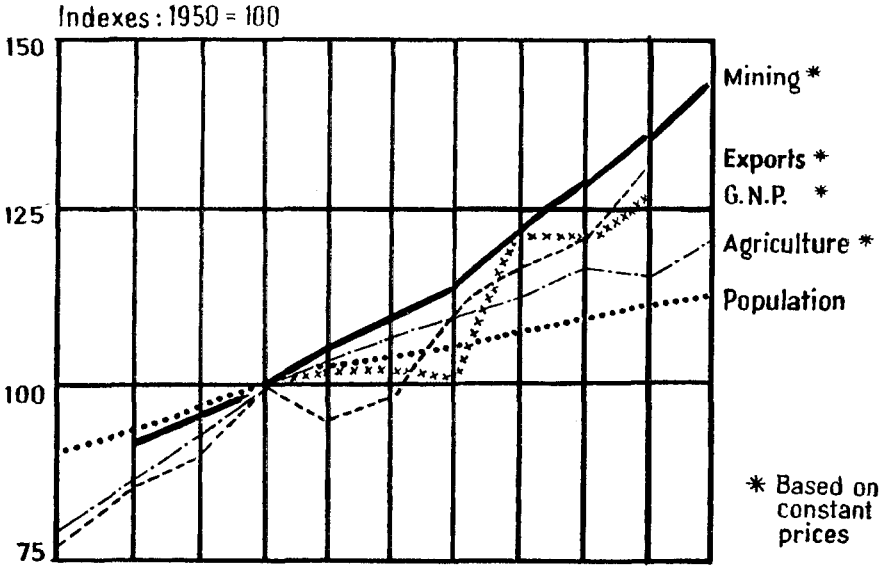
# The Rising Fall

FOR twenty years Africa has imported more than she exports, an indication of capital goods and investments moving in, mostly from Europe. According to *Fortune* magazine, the Gross Product of the continent has risen an average of 5 per cent a year since 1950 (it is about one-ninth the United States's Gross National Product); her population has risen 1.7 per cent a year in the same period. Of all her resources by far the most important are her minerals, in which Africa is tremendously rich. Her mines, mainly located in the Union and Northern Rhodesia, are chiefly responsible for the rapid recent growth in the value of African exports, and for the heavy capital investments which have flowed in since the War (the railroads, hydro-electric projects, etc. going up in a score of places).

An economy that heavily leans on mining has several serious drawbacks. In the first place, in countries which have no established industries, metals—in ores or ingots—tend to flow out as exports in exchange for money. This may add up to a very favorable balance-of-trade, but at the same time discourage, if not actually prevent, the formation of the local, middle-class communities on which a sound free society rests. (This is not a new discovery: in the Renaissance, Spain controlled all the precious metals of the Western Hemisphere and sold them to a gold-starved Europe, meanwhile growing poorer with every passing year. More recently, Canada has been questioning the wisdom of her economic relationship with the U.S., which is almost entirely that of an exporter.) Next, Nature spots her ores where she wants them, not where they might be politically expedient. In the Federation of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland a great copper boom during and after the War stimulated an increase in gross product that rode far ahead of the population increase. On the other hand, Egypt, the most populous and needy country in Africa, and probably the most important (because the most troublesome), has no mines to speak of; her gross product has barely kept pace with her population, even in this decade of prosperity, and must fall behind at once in the event of a worldwide slump. Moreover, the metallic markets are notoriously unstable; an instance is the sharp drop in world copper prices in the last two years, which has hit hard the adolescent economy of the Federation.

It should also be obvious, by this time, that industrial potential cannot be in the long run considered apart from political conditions. For example, the gross product of the Union of South Africa, alone, accounts for 22 per cent of the total African gross product, yet the political situation there is so threatening that inflow of capital from abroad has dived almost to nothing. And mines that are profitably developing, as in the Federation, produce new centers of population; the natives move in from the bush and learn new politics along with new clothing fashions. Unfortunately, they do not find new class affiliations in their new homes. Usually, mining companies import most of their skilled and semi-skilled labor (in some states, indeed, like the Union, companies are forbidden by statute to employ Africans in any but menial capacities), and the small numbers of locals engaged in drudge-jobs are all out of proportion to the value of the mines' outputs. It's not hard to see why these fledgling wage-earners may not permanently be content with the housing, police, and franchise arrangements provided by the mine-owners. In any case, the natives have uprooted themselves from the cushioned economy of their farms—where world booms and world busts are matters of equal indifference — and have formed small, local proletariats which are especially vulnerable, for example, to the vagaries of the world metals market. In times of trouble, of course, these junior Pittsburghs are tailor-made for political agitators.

In almost every respect but minerals, Africa is a pauper continent. Egypt, of course, has her cotton; Ghana and Nigeria their cocoa; the Federation its tobacco; the Union its wool. Still, what's under the ground constitutes her chief resource. But what Africa needs is not simply to have her minerals dug up and shipped to European or American manufactories, but an at least partially managed parallel development of agriculture and mines—to the end that the credits Africa earns through her minerals stimulate her farms and a healthy and growing middle-class. But mines require enormous initial outlays, and efficient processing and marketing auxiliaries, and these services must for a long time to come be obtained from Europe. Although it cannot be proved, it is probable that European investments tend to flow into regions which are managed by Europeans—chiefly, the colonial countries—and once there they tend to plump for conservative European governments, not the more-or-less radical native reform movements. Although there is no reason to think that modern European money in Africa is guilty of scandals in the nineteenth-century *Etat Independant du Congo* tradition, it remains true that corporations and investors with special interests to promote are not always politically farsighted—and that financial activities must be steadily guided by political effects.




—*From* Fortune *Magazine.*

**AFRICAN GROWTH:** *Fortune*'s chart shows a promising situation: rises in Mining, Export, G.N.P., and even Agriculture which more than match Africa's population growth over the past ten years. But Africa is not alone in the world; in the same period, for example, per capita income in the United States increased at a far larger rate than in Africa. Therefore, speculates Simon Kuznets, in "Population and World Politics" (Chap. V), "the *political* misery of the (undeveloped countries), the tension created by the observation of the much greater growth of other communities, may only have increased."

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**DR. KWAME NKRUMAH,** *Prime Minister of Ghana:* "At Accra we all said our independence was not complete until we used it to see that other African territories were also free from colonialism."

**GAMAL ABDUL NASSER,** *President of the United Arab Republic:* "Arab nationalism is the hope of every Arab, and if it is ignored there is no hope of solving any of the world's problems."

**DR. NNAMDI AZIKIWE,** *Prime Minister of the Eastern Region of Nigeria:* "If we dissipate our energies fighting ourselves, then as soon as the British leave our shores we might be involved in a civil war."

—*Wide World.*

**JOMO KENYATTA,** *Kenyan scholar and politician:* "The African is conditioned to a freedom of which Europe has little conception, and it is not in his nature to accept serfdom forever."

**POLITICS**

# Too Little, Too Late

EVENTS in what once was smugly termed French North Africa have changed so rapidly in the past six months that a summary can hardly hope to catch up. Due more to luck than to skill, in the Sultan (now King) of Morocco and Premier Bourguiba of Tunisia the French managed to find moderate rulers for former dependencies who seemed to be perfectly willing to cooperate with their old mistress. Unfortunately, the French position in her third and last bastion in this area—Algeria—has fallen completely apart: there are more resident Frenchmen in Algeria (the *colons*) than there were in the two neighboring states, and this group has been frightened into fierce reactions against both the (native Algerian) National Liberation Front and the Fourth Republic at Paris. Even more serious, these military and civilian extremists, after pulling their *coup d'etat* in May 1958, began at once to provoke Morocco and Tunisia on their flanks, forcing these erstwhile middle-of-the-roaders into increasingly anti-French stances. Unless General De Gaulle can quash this uncompromising localism of the French Army and the French *colons*, it must sooner or later drive Tunisia and Morocco into the orbit of the king of pan-Arabs, President Nasser, whose ambitions branch out in every direction, like the arms of an octopus, waiting for opportunities that offer him the most bang for his few bucks.

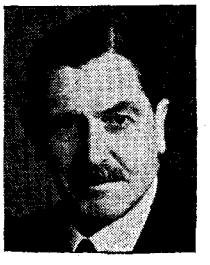
To the far south, in the Union, a white-run economy is based upon a plentiful supply of cheap labor that has congregated in some of the ugliest, most misery-ridden industrial slums in the world, inhabited by wage-slaves deprived of human rights, deprived of the primitive amenities of their own cultures, deprived of the hope that their Afrikaner masters ever will relent toward them. In the past few years the fanatic Afrikaner Nationalist Party which controls the Government has bulled through Parliament a long parade of unprecedentedly severe statutes for the protection and intensification of their principle of total *apartheid*: among others, acts which prevent African workers from learning industrial skills or, if they do learn them, from being paid for them; the Group Areas Act (1950) and the Natives' Resettlement Act (1954), by means of which the few African freeholds in the Union are placed at the mercy of the Minister of the Interior; the Suppression of Communism Act (1950), where the definition of "Communism" is loose enough to embrace almost every conceivable form of reforming activity (at this moment, a gigantic, common trial of ninety-one persons arrested under this law is under way in Pretoria); in 1956, the removal of Coloreds from the common election roll. A Press and Publications Act, which will muzzle the few organs of decent opinion left in the Union, is anticipated for the fall.

The Union's second party, the United Party, the party which represents mainly the more sophisticated and wealthier English-speaking whites and which governed the country until 1948, offers the African virtually no more than the Nationalist: a few token constitutional safeguards and a slightly humaner version of *apartheid*. As Mr. P. A. Moore, a United Party M.P., put it bluntly a few weeks ago: "Give us a chance, and we will show the country that we can deal as firmly with the kaffirs as the Nationalists." From the Africans' point of view, the Afrikaners run the politics, and the English the economy, of the Union, and the African is no place at all. There is a small British minority—spoken for by such men as Alan Paton and Father Huddleston—which recognizes

—*Dan Weiner.*

**J. G. STRIJDOM,** *Prime Minister of the Union:* "There can be only one standpoint in South Africa if the European here wants to continue. It is the standpoint that political supremacy must remain in the hands of the white man."

**A. W. LEWIS,** *U. N. Economic Advisor to Ghana:* "The European powers who rule most of Africa are unwilling to admit that they do not do for Africa all that Africa needs, and the United States is equally reluctant to offend by seeming to take too great an interest in African affairs."



**LORD MALVERN,** *first Prime Minister of the Federation:* "It is impossible to visualize a European population, although in the minority, agreeing to a political kindergarten to manage their affairs, so that the Africans can burn their fingers and other people's fingers while learning."

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the suicidal immorality of these policies, the hopeless *cul-de-sac* into which the Government's Draconian statutes are pushing all white men in the country, but this group has been as effectively disenfranchised as the Negroes themselves.

Of the colonial powers, Britain is making the most serious attempt to devise "multiracial" governments, but her slow-moving experiments are not meeting with any notable success. In Kenya, for example, where 2.9 per cent of the population reaps 48 per cent of the total income, the African members of the Legislative Council have boycotted the new constitution's "special seats" elections; seven of them were several weeks ago tried and convicted for "criminal libel" in connection with the dispute. In the Federation, the original formation of which in 1953 was vehemently opposed by Africans on the grounds that the primarily black areas of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland inevitably would drift into the domination of Southern Rhodesia, the latest election manifests just that trend in Southern Rhodesia toward the Union's *apartheid* spirit which the Africans feared. (The Southern Rhodesia electoral roll, closed on January 31, showed 55,000 whites, 2,500 non-Europeans.) In the Portuguese colonies, where the Africans are tersely termed "the barbarians," there exists official six-months' conscriptions for work on railroads, plantations, etc., floggings and beatings—and no invitations to outside observers to come in and write reports. In the Belgian Congo, despite the construction of a few hospitals and universities, out of 13 million persons since 1908 only 116 families have been promoted into the *evolué* class—possessing full civil rights. And so it goes.

ASIDE from Tunisia, Morocco, and Egypt (and, of course, the Union) there are five independent African states: Ethiopia, Libya, Ghana, Liberia, and the Sudan. These are small, poor countries, afflicted with administrative inexperience as well as poverty of resources, vulnerable to the sort of political bossisms that come with hard times and political ineptitude. Primitive and separated as these tiny states are, however, in the April 1958 Accra Conference they took the trouble to express a certain solidarity of interests. The emotional background of the Accra Conference is a specifically pan-African movement, spark-plugged by the outstanding African personality now on the scene, Premier Nkrumah of Ghana, who spends a great deal of his time traveling around from capital to capital publicizing his anti-colonial objectives.

**PERIODICALS**

## Waging Words

AS ONE would expect, the superheated politics of Africa's North Coast have stimulated a plethora of papers, most of them radical: Algeria has sixty-six, French Morocco eleven, Libya thirteen (including the United States Air Force's *Tripoli Trotter*); and everyone has seen how President Nasser uses his stable of trained dailies as one of the chief weapons in his arsenal. On the other hand, the majority of periodicals published in colonial Africa represent just the opposite interests: they are conservative and provincial; like smalltown semi-weeklies in America, they are small in size, with relatively small circulations, emphasizing the special cultural, economic, and political news of their own regions. (Curiously, one of the chief influences away from regionalism and toward pan-Africanism comes from the authorities who are least likely to benefit from it—namely, the colonial states—whose unifying "Commission on Cooperation in Technical Matters in Africa South of the Sahara" has been publishing an *Inter-African Labour Institute Bulletin*, among other similar special publications, since 1953.)

The *East African Standard*, printed in Nairobi, dominates East Africa. It and its little brothers, the *Tanganyika Standard*, *Mombasa Times*, and *Uganda Argus*, are white papers speaking to the white settlers; the East African himself must try to obtain the *Uganda Post*, organ of the Uganda National Congress. In the Federation, loaded with mining news, stand the *Rhodesian Herald* and the *Sunday Mail*; French-language papers, Government or Catholic, are about all that is to be found in French West Africa, French Equatorial Africa, and the Congo. In this general area, however, is located the largest monthly on the continent, the African-run *African Challenge* of Nigeria (circ. 190,000), as well as the *Gold Coast Daily Graphic* (circ. 50,000), which has been the steady voice of Dr. Nkrumah.

The Union demonstrates once more the political heat that breeds journalists: the war between South African papers nearly equals in ferocity the recent constitutional struggles. Among others, the Afrikaans-language *Die Burger* and *Die Transvaler* speak for the Government party; the English-language *Johannesburg Star*, *Rand Daily Mail*, and *Cape Times* more or less plump for the aims of the United Party. Interestingly enough, the English papers of the Union reach a total of 1,450,000 readers; the Nationalist, 350,000. As Afrikaners make up 60 per cent of the white population, it is obvious that a large number of Afrikaners read the English papers, whatever they form their opinions on. Minorities still publish a few of their own journals, like *Indian Opinion* and several Bantu publications.

From dozens of universities and study groups in and out of Africa comes a steady stream of academic periodicals of the highest quality, like *African Abstracts*, *African Affairs* (the journal of the Royal Africa Society), *African Studies* (issued by the Department of Bantu Studies at the University of the Witwatersrand), and so forth. But American readers will probably prefer to look into one or more of these three discussion papers: First, *Africa Digest*, published in London by the African Bureau, which gives a first-rate review of news and opinion in Africa itself. Second, the monthly paper *Drum*, published in Johannesburg, with a circulation of 75,000 in South Africa alone, which resembles the American magazine *Ebony* and prides itself on straight factual reporting, counting on readers to draw their own conclusions. Third, the brave and crusading *Africa South*, which expects to be put out of business by the Government sometime this fall, speaking for the tiny group of real liberals in the Union. In a recent letter to *SR*, the editor of *Africa South*, Ronald Segal, put down some thoughts on publishing a reforming paper in a society bent on total conformity:

"I have no doubt that *A. S.* will be the first victim of any new law. It is loathed by the administration above all other publications—principally because it provides an influential overseas public with the facts of the South African race debauchery. The government regards internal criticism with sufficient hostility. Publications that advertise its insanities abroad are looked upon as nothing short of treasonable.

"I do not know what we will do when censorship is introduced. *Africa South* has a circulation of about 8,000, half in Africa and the rest in England and the States. I lost about $20,000 on it personally before a fund was established—with the Bishop of Johannesburg and Alex Hepple, the Labour leader, as trustees—to insure its permanent survival. I have sole control over the magazine and could continue publishing overseas, a sort of *La Prensa* in exile. But I am so involved in the political life of my country I don't know that I would want to, or ought to, consider living overseas."

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THE FUTURE

# Near the Abyss

THE four cardinal omens of Africa's future are hunger, poverty, the physical pressure of booming population, the psychological pressure of an increasingly acute and demanding political consciousness. More and more, as the years pass, the African is not only going to be poor and miserable, but he is going to learn to be aware of the fact that he is miserable; he is going to learn to resent that in other, luckier places in the world people are not miserable; he is going to hear more cliches and war-talk and hatemongering, from politicians and demagogues, which instruct him that it is wrong that he is miserable; that, if he tries, he can change his state with kings.

The political structure of Africa is now in a kind of suspended stalemate, which leaves the forces of hunger, poverty, etc. free to drive the African further and further from those values which Americans espouse and partly practice and, indeed, further and further from the whole vague system of concepts and experiences we all "the West." The forces are, in short, formidable and totalitarian. For many years to come, any native African leader must be as much their slave as their director. And the imperatives which these forces purvey, penetrating into the overburdened hearts of an overburdened people, are couched in explosive simplicities. The white man is rich: therefore, confiscate his property and pass it around among the poor. The white man is white: therefore, pay him back for the innumerable psychological injuries he has inflicted upon those he deems "wogs," "niggers," and "gooks." The United States is the formal ally—the friend and sympathizer—of Portugal, Britain, France, and Belgium (our NATO partners and the chief colonial powers): therefore, the United States is the official enemy of African revolution. The United States is the most powerful nation on earth which exalts the sanctity of private property: therefore, the United States is the enemy of radical reform.

Here is the terrible danger of our times: that this image of America as rich, white, smug, and purse-proud will be permanently stamped upon the brain of the African, and especially upon the brain of those Africans who are courageous and inspired enough to try to carve out political careers for themselves. For if America is an enemy—even a quasi-enemy—of everything the rising African leadership must preach, whence must help be sought? "Communism" as a philosophy makes no irresistible appeal; it has been truly said, many times, that Communism has not yet taken hold in Africa, that—indeed—Africans, like many other people around the world, are sick of America's "Communism, Communism, Communism" cries, as if nothing else mattered but this one word. But—here is the important point—when in a generation African Nationalist leaders begin to play their hands, to organize their parties and adumbrate their platforms, they must come inevitably to look abroad for powerful friends, even as Richmond and Washington competed for England's attentions during the Civil War. They will want money, printing presses, support at the U.N.—even arms. What will they find, as they scan the world's capitals? If America at that point is firmly committed to the colonial powers, firmly determined not to poke her nose into the political and social injustices from which the African suffers, not to sponsor any substantial program of African reform, then America will have herself made it impossible for the African to approach her. America will have voluntarily joined the camp of Africa's enemies, and Africa for her part must join the camp of America's enemies.

The psychological and political pressures we are discussing here have already pushed the African faster and further along certain paths than most "Old Africa hands," who insist that rough terrain and internecine disputes will continue to divide Africa for centuries, like to acknowledge, and this process of identification must speed up in the decades to come. Although, in one sense, it is true that there is no "Africa" and no "African," but only thousands of peoples, satrapies, tribes, and mixtures living on a continent possessing no geographical unity except for the surrounding sea, it is not true that these many kinds of African have nothing in common at all. They share their hunger, their poverty, their resentments—real or fancied—at the white man's snubs and the white man's exploitations. This common history and common grievance sufficed to bring six of Africa's nine independent states into a meeting with Asian states at the Conference of Bandung in 1955, where the "nations of color" pronounced their solidarity. The chief resolution of this Conference concerned colonialism and, although Sir John Kotelawala of Ceylon and other pro-Western statesmen were able to broaden the terms of the ultimate resolution, the mode of colonialism that was the main subject of excoriation at the Bandung meetings themselves was European colonialism, not the colonialism of the Soviet Union in Central and Eastern Asia, not the colonialism of Communist China in Tibet. This first tentative start at a pan-African movement of free states was confirmed three years later at the Accra Conference of May 1958, when eight independent states (the Union, of course, snubs these occasions) joined in another denunciation of Western political and economic policies, and promised to foregather again in two years. All together these eight states cannot accomplish much, but the conferences are an established fact, and they serve as a forum and a focal point for rising independence agitations throughout Africa.

ABOUT four years ago the British parliamentarian Vernon Bartlett asked, in print, "Can the White Man Stay in Africa?" This is the penultimate question. The ultimate one is, "Can Africa Be Saved for the Free World?" No doubt the British can hold on in Kenya, the Rhodesias, etc.;

Sir Roy Welensky.

### WHO'S HELPING COMMUNISM?

**1.** "I do not think that it is sufficiently appreciated by the powers in, or interested in, Africa, nor by the United States of America, the extent by which Russia is looking to African nationalism as the prerequisite for revolution."

*—Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister of the Federation.*

**2.** "It is a pity that Sir Roy fails to realize that it is people like himself . . . who are causing Africans to feel that, despite their antipathy to Communist political theory and practice in most fields, the Kremlin may be their best hope of deliverance from the indignities of the color bar and the ruthless exploitation of their labor by white settlers. I suggest . . . to Sir Roy Welensky that he could, with great advantage to the Free World, look much nearer home than Moscow for some of the reasons which threaten to throw a good many intelligent and educated Africans into Mr. Khrushchev's arms."

*—Mr. Arthur Glass, in a letter to the* Western Daily News.

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the Belgians in the Congo; and the Portuguese in Angola and Mozambique for an indefinite number of years. But what happens when the long-suffering, smoldering peoples of the Union burst into a holocaust of revolution, and commence to slaughter every white man they can lay their hands on? Is it not too much to expect that such an insurrection will halt at the arbitrary frontiers of colonial Africa, and not overflow into British, Portuguese, and Belgian territory? And, when this happens, will not the colonial powers find themselves in a trap of their own devising, with but two alternatives: either to drown the revolution in blood, by means of ruthless and all-out "police actions"; or to retreat in a hurry, leaving the country to the most ferocious of the revolutionists, in a condition of total financial and social disorganization? But, of course, once matters have gone this far the West has lost. Whatever happens in this extremity must be to the ultimate benefit of the disruptive forces represented by the Russian and Chinese Communist governments.

The pattern will not be clear until we have a better idea how long it will be before Egypt and/or South Africa blow up and render academic the kind of thoughtful and deliberate program of which we as a nation are capable. No man can say how much time we have. Nasser may get himself embroiled in the Middle East, or with the Arab nations on the north coast; he may never play a considerable role in black Africa. In the south, the frightened and last-ditch Afrikaners, with plenty of weapons and plenty of determination to use them, may be capable of quashing native rebellions for two or three decades. Eventually, of course, the lid must blow off; the blacks of the Union outnumber the whites nine to three, and these wretched millions one day must find their voice. In candid moments most sensitive white observers, even on the scene, can see the inevitability of the disaster: "Our rush towards terror and upheaval is gaining momentum," Ronald Segal, editor of the liberal journal *Africa South*, published in Capetown, wrote a few weeks ago, "as events in the rest of the Continent tick away the Government's time." The longer the blow-off is postponed the worse will it be when it comes, and the harder it will be for other Europeans in Africa to pen within the Union's borders. How many years do we have before we confront, on the grand scale, the four horsemen of Hunger, Poverty, Rage, and Pride, that spell the end of Western influence in one more of Earth's continents?

**AMERICAN POLICIES**

## A Creditor's Debts

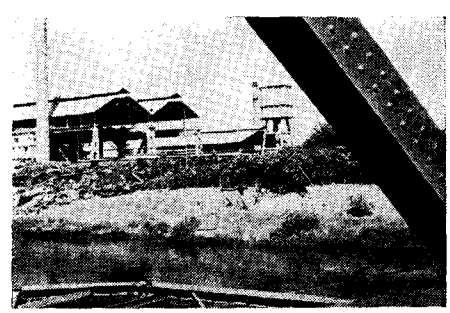
**1.** First, Americans must decide whether to do nothing or to do something about Africa. Our present policy is The Drift. Perhaps we hope that everything important is drifting along in step with us, but it is important to comprehend that, so far as Africa is concerned, the drift is a drift to the Left, which must ultimately carry her into the embrace of our "Cold War" competitors and the totalitarian philosophy we term, more for convenience than clarity, "Communism." No one in the world will misinterpret the significance of this loss, if it comes: notice will be served that the American system is not vigorous enough to check the Red "wave of the future."

**2.** A proper bargain between just Americans and Africans would be difficult enough to arrive at. Unfortunately, there is a third partner: the white man in Africa, often by birth as "African" as any Negro. But even in the most progressive colonial states, like the Federation and Kenya, the governments are not offering enough to the African and they are not offering it fast enough. In Kenya, for example, the 1957 Constitution provides for a Legislative Council where equal delegations represent the 6,000,000 Africans and the 57,000 whites. Not that one or two proposals are not fairer than this. One favored scheme suggests a sort of racial proportional representation: if whites make up 15 per cent of the population, then 15 per cent of the governing body will always be white.

However, all franchise experiments of this sort seem to ignore the psychological effect on the African of the success of independent states like Ghana, beacons to remind him that he, too, is a responsible political being, to stir him to chafe under the carefully doctored half-measures which half-hearted white reformers now are crying up. The African feels he is more than justified in claiming for himself exactly what Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Americans ask for themselves: the vote. Why should he tolerate a clumsy apparatus that has as its ultimate product—no matter what it's called—legal discrimination against his race? What African leader could hold his followers while accepting this insult?

Therefore, what is urgently needed is some kind of Presidential declaration on where America stands with respect to colonialism. Although "sermonizing" is probably the single most objectionable characteristic of American foreign policy in the past decade, a Moral Declaration need not be, and should not be, an exercise in Peck-sniffery. It should comprise definitions plus statements of intent—the ideals, sympathies, and capacities of the American Republic and what we intend to do—presenting to the world an honest political philosophy to match the specious one which has so well served the Communists. In clarifying our intellectual stand we will find that we must, so far as possible, dissociate America from the existing colonial administrations in Africa. For the most part, they are not learning, they are not reforming, they are steering blindly toward their own dooms. But we must never forget, when we embark upon a policy of sponsoring and encouraging the African independence movements, that tragedy will always be just around the corner: the white settlers as yet show no signs of willingness to leave their homes, or compromise their dominion, without a struggle.

**3.** Egypt, Algeria, and South Africa are pots on the boil. Conditions in these states have deteriorated, in their different ways, to the extent that Solomon himself probably could not frame a means of bringing American energies constructively to bear. But as it is necessary to work in Africa, even if it is impossible to work with Egypt, the Union, or (probably) Algeria, it may be desirable, in an ad-



The Hedwan Steelworks.

"Modern Egypt has under government auspices built a steel mill; this involves capital formation; but it is a drain on the economic resources of Egypt, not a contribution to economic strength, since the cost of making steel in Egypt is very much greater than the cost of buying it elsewhere; it is simply a modern equivalent of the Pyramids except that maintenance expenses are higher. Such modern monuments are by no means the exception; they are almost certain to be the rule when funds are made available to governments that are inevitably under pressure to produce the symbols of modern industrialism. There is hardly an underdeveloped country that does not want its own steel mill."

—*Milton Friedman, in* The Yale Review *(Summer 1958)*.

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ministrative sense, to isolate these centers and direct our activities away from them, thereby partly depriving them of their disruptive effect. This approach also must somehow avoid injuring the sensibilities of the pan-African movement building up momentum around the Continent. Certainly there is no way we can effectively mount massive development programs if our efforts must be crammed into colonial, independent, trusteeship, and other artificial compartments. Many of the most essential and promising programs must take advantage of Nature's boundaries, and disregard man's: for a possible example, a single agricultural headquarters that directs experiments in the jungle-areas of the whole of Africa.

Would it be conceivable for the United States to serve as midwife at the birth of a unified administrative unit of this dimension, incorporating both independent states and colonial territories, with a central office that sets up an effective counter-pull to the lures of Cairo and Capetown? Would the African agree? Only if it were understood that the independence of all African states were to be scrupulously respected. Would the colonial governments agree? Only if they could be made to appreciate that their days in Africa are numbered anyway, that the United States is willing to insure the property and industry of white Africa, and that a prosperous and democratic Africa—not today's museum of capital-starved chaos-fragments — offers the only chance of the white man's remaining on the continent in any long-run capacity.

**4.** Crucial to the creation of a middle class and a balanced, self-sustaining economy is the rehabilitation of African agriculture. To this end must be devoted a chain of laboratories and out-stations from one end of the continent to the other: 1. to restore the soil; 2. to discover new techniques of soil use; 3. to educate tribal Africans in matters of stock-breeding, insect control, crop rotation, etc.; 4. to educate all Africans in matters of water-conservation; 5. for pilot irrigation projects. As far as possible, these stations should be run "on the spot," in order to avoid fiascos like the "ground nut" scheme, in which Britain's Labor Government discovered that London is not the proper command-post from which to wage battle on the sands and bugs of Tanganyika. If a gigantic, continent-wide TVA—consisting of canals, pumping stations, agricultural schools and farms, soil laboratories, field teams, etc.—seems to lay a heavy hand on the American taxpayer, let him sicken his heart by contemplating the costs of blasting the base at Thule out of the Greenland ice, the DEW-line outposts across the Arctic wastes, of launching two or three *Forrestal*-class aircraft-carriers—instrumentalities costing hundreds of billions which can yield nothing to anyone, enrich no one, and which since the advent of the ICBM cannot probably even be used in The War to Kill Everyone. If we spend our dollars in Africa, we will at least have the satisfaction of helping to feed people.

**A "UNITED STATES OF AFRICA,"** by isolating the troublespots of Egypt, Algeria, and the Union, would constitute an administrative unit into which America could effectively, and immediately, pour the billions Africa needs for her development. It is not merely a foreigner's dream; it is the long-term objective of, among others, Mr. Abu Mayanja, one of the founders of the Uganda National Congress Party.

**5.** The United States must investigate the complaint, made at Accra by the independent states, that foreign capital prefers to flow into colonial areas because foreign investors distrust the capacity of African governments to keep themselves out of the toils of radical expropriationists, etc. Would it be possible to create a United Nations agency, along the lines of our American Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, which meets this complaint by guaranteeing private investment from capricious political confiscations? In return for this insurance, the foreign businessman would be expected to accept a certain degree of United Nations supervision of his enterprises, so that the African states can at last forget their fears of "commercial imperialism." Perhaps the scheme could be integrated into the existing U.N. Economic Commission for Africa (headquarters: Addis Ababa), and employ material gathered by the six white African powers' joint commission on technical matters (headquarters: London).

**6.** Contemporary demographers and sociologists generally agree that the population-boom is the world's Number One social problem. Everyone knows that the antagonism of a sizable religious minority in the United States itself has up to now inhibited the American community from full-scale study and discussion of birth-control as a means of social reform, but the time for such a debate, which will define an American birth-control policy for the use of our foreign representatives, has now arrived.

Most students seem to feel that African population can be managed most efficiently by nurturing a substantial, sophisticated middle-class Education alone is not enough, because education without the hope of material rewards and political responsibility—the characteristics of "middle-classdom"—results in the most dangerous, restless, and compulsive species of proletariat. But, as Sir Charles G. Darwin wrote a few years ago, "The prospect of owning a motor car is a sufficient bribe to sterilize most people." What he means is that once industries develop and society sheds some of its old shifts, the aspirations of the middle-class which then emerges undergo a sea-change. The "new men" learn to put new values on goals like higher education and material possessions; they find that these new outlooks demand different concepts of the family; and they then set out to procure for themselves the ways of controlling natural fertility.

"Planned parenthood" is not the only achievement of a new middle-class. It also becomes interested in politics, in organizations like labor unions (almost the only realm in which important steps toward administrative experience have already been taken by Africans in the colonial states), and in the other concerns which affect a man's life and beliefs. But the evolution of a middle-class cannot take place where the African is a statutory helot; where he is given not the slightest opportunity to rise up through the ranks to the white collar and management classes.

Not that human beings permanently permit themselves to be espaliered to the taste of a gardener like a Japanese shrub; their vitality simply goes underground. They read and learn—underground; they organize and conspire—underground: eventually, they break out in rage and revolution—*above* ground.

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NOTE: This special section was written and prepared by Peter Ritner, *SR*'s Feature Editor, with the collaboration of Shadrach N. Okova, a Kenyan now studying for his doctorate at Columbia University.

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# The Roots of Global Upheaval

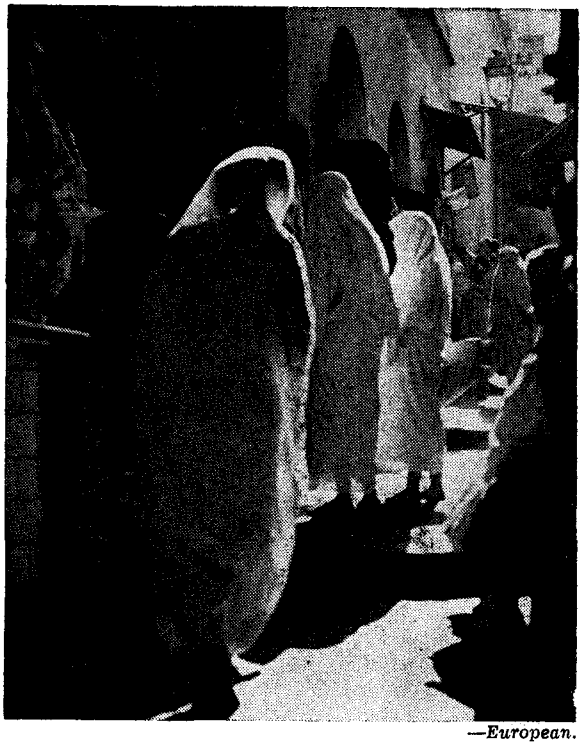
***"Algeria: The Realities," by Germaine Tillion*** *(translated by Ronald Matthews; Knopf. 113 pp. $3), is a view of the Algerian dilemma, by a social scientist who believes that time to aid this trouble-ridden area is running out. David Schoenbrun, our reviewer, is a CBS news correspondent who frequently reports from Algiers.*

By David Schoenbrun

THIS is a small book with a big theme, an angry book by a gentle lady, a frightening, hope-destroying book by a fearless scholar of deep faith and indestructible hope. Its title is "Algeria: The Realities," and it is faithful to that promise, for this is not an abstract thesis; it is a very real work of scientific observation and analysis. It might also have been accurately entitled "The World and Its Realities," for Germaine Tillion is a very French intellectual and has the universal vision and sense of mission that is the trademark of the French scholar. Algeria is vitally important to her as a French citizen and as an anthropologist who spent seven years in Algeria, but over and beyond the Algerian problem Germaine Tillion has an apocalyptic vision of the pauperization of most of the human race, leading to a universal cataclysm. For her, Algeria, important as it is in itself, is only an acute symptom of a far greater, deep-rooted malaise threatening a global upheaval as the result of the division of the human race into the haves and the have-nots, with three out of every four humans rotting in the squalid, diseased, famine-plagued misery of the have-nots.

"Algeria: The Realities" is therefore a cry of alarm, a grave and passionate warning to the Western peoples—the fortunate "haves" of the world—to act now while there is still time to avert disaster. Because Germaine Tillion does believe that there is still time for most of the world, although in her estimate it is well past eleven P.M. For Algeria, she thinks, it is one minute to midnight, one minute to zero, perhaps indeed it is already past zero and Algeria cannot be saved. She is not sure. The closing words of her conclusion are: "The Algerian boat has ceased to be seaworthy and there is no time to lose before the final wreck. But the disaster could have been avoided and perhaps it still can." These words first appeared in the French edition entitled "Algéria 1957." Her conclusion, therefore, was based upon the realities of Algeria last year. Since then something extraordinary has happened to change the realities of Algeria. At this moment no one can be sure just how that change will affect her conclusions: the advent to power of General de Gaulle with a new Algerian policy, which is now evolving.

I discussed this with Germaine Tillion only recently on June 24th, in Paris, and she told me that the arrival on the scene of de Gaulle gave her new hope. We sat next to each other at André Malraux's first news conference for the new regime of Charles de Gaulle. It was at that conference that Malraux announced the creation of a Committee of Justice to investigate charges of French torture of prisoners and suspects and pledged that Premier de Gaulle's government would not tolerate such inhuman procedures.



—*European.*

A street in Algiers—". . . deep-rooted malaise."

IT was a moment of triumph for Germaine Tillion, who for years has been waging a one-woman crusade against torture. She has been instrumental in saving the lives of many Algerians, of both French and European origin, who were tortured or condemned to death in Algiers. Moreover, her reports have been read by General de Gaulle, who received her recently in private audience and pledged that his regime would be a regime of hope for the future, of liberty, equality, and fraternity for all the peoples of the French Union. Sitting next to Germaine Tillion, at this moment of victory, was a close friend and assistant, a French social worker, Nelly Forgeot, who herself had been tortured by French officers who suspected her of sympathy for the rebel cause.

The torture of Germaine Tillion's assistant is typical of the stupidity of beetle-browed "intelligence" officers in Algiers. Miss Tillion, who looks like a gentle, middle-aged schoolmistress, is a distinguished scientist, a Sorbonne professor, an authority on the ethnography of the North African Maghreb, who lived for six years in the Apres Mountains, where few if any Europeans ever came. She has a scientist's interest in and knowledge of the Algerian people, a missionary's devotion to the suffering, underprivileged members of the human race, a philosopher's passion for the truth, and contempt for conformist clichés, but she has absolutely none of the politician's or the polemicist's partisanship. To think that Germaine Tillion sympathizes with the rebels is simply not to understand her at all. To think that she is a Gaullist because de Gaulle has given her new hope is to misjudge her completely. She is concerned with the fate of peoples, not of nations or regimes.

This slim volume of 113 small-format pages, certainly less than 30,000 words, is more valuable than any of the heavy tomes on Algeria that I have pored over for the past decade. The economy of words con-

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ceals an invaluable mass of information, distilled down to the essence. The style is vigorous, at times almost conversational, not at all the sort of thing one might expect from a scholar. Yet ıe documentation is the very best of scholarship and invaluable source material to anyone who would understand the complex Algerian problem. I will not attempt here to excerpt her facts and figures or quote from her specific observations on Algeria, for I would not wish to spoil the discovery the reader will make from reading it himself, and it is a discovery and a revelation, even to the most expert. Anyone, no matter how learned, how experienced in North African affairs, can profit greatly from this invaluable study. Any human being, with any interest in the world in which we live, and any sensitivity to the fate of fellow-humans, cannot help but be deeply moved by this intensely human document.

The central thesis is of great importance to all of us. It contains a warning that citizens and their governments must heed, the warning that the time has passed for half-measures, for conscience-salving do-goodism. One modern industrial plant in the desert of misery of an underdeveloped country is worse than none at all, Germaine Tillion insists. America's Point Four program, she claims, is dangerously inadequate. We would be better advised, she argues, to give no aid at all than to dribble aid around the world in symbols of wealth that merely point up the contrast between the haves and the have-nots rather than bridge the gulf. For France to help Algeria and bring peace and unity to that divided, war-torn land will require a minimum of 2,000 billion francs' expenditure in the next five years—roughly $1,000,000,000 annually, or about the present cost of the war there. If she errs at all in these figures, I suspect it is an error of optimism. I think it will cost a good deal more than that based upon my own calculations and her own demonstration of the need.

THE reason she attacks "do-goodism" is one I have seen myself in North Africa: the oases of modern industry and housing which have been created in the desert of misery only whet the appetite of the people for more and more, for real equality with the privileges around them. Looking out of their bidonvilles, huddled in the tin-can shanties, they see the skyscrapers of the twentieth century around them and lust for the better life. The impact of European civilization has shattered their own tribal world, torn their traditions, upset the balance of their primitive society, without providing a new social system in its place. Miracle drugs save the lives of babies, prolong the life-span of adults, thus increase the already rapid rate of population growth, without providing the means to live to those who have been given life. This is the central thesis of Germaine Tillion, which she calls the "pauperization of the world." This is the reality, not only of Algeria, but of three-quarters of the globe.

GERMAINE TILLION offers no easy solutions. She calls for sacrifice, for intensive aid programs not as a naïve do-gooder, but as a social scientist: soberly, honestly, looking at the realities of human society. Hers is not the voice of a professional prophet of doom, but she sees doom ahead. She believes we still have a chance to save ourselves by saving our fellow, but she believes it is later than we think. This book merits wide reading by public and officials alike. One hopes that its message will be heard.

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# Africa's Literary Landscape: *A Report on Writers and Writing*

By Leila Hadley

CONSUMED with racial tensions, the raw and materialistic Union of South Africa, a country with virtually no tradition of literature and scant cultural exchange with the rest of the world, has produced a noticeably large body of contemporary literature. This literary phenomenon nicely bears out the postulate that writers flourish in troubled times. Obviously, the political-racial conflict in South Africa offers a rich mine of those elements—injustice, hate, anguish, and violence—from which books can be created.

Impelled by conscience and written with compassion for a crazily desperate land have come Nadine Gordimer's "The Lying Days" and her peerless new novel, "A World of Strangers," to be published in America this September; "Too Late the Phalarope" and "Cry, the Beloved Country," by Alan Paton; "Dance in the Sun" and "The Trap," by Dan Jacobson; "Episode in the Transvaal," by Harry Bloom; "Return to Goli" and "Mine Boy," by Peter Abrahams; "God's Step-Children" and "Dark River," by the graphomanic author Sarah Gertrude Millin in addition to "The Grass Is Singing" by Doris Lessing.

There have also been a number of books with a South African setting in which the color conflict has not been a dominant theme. For example, "The Turning Wheels," by Stuart Cloete; "The Habit of Loving," a masterful collection of short stories by Doris Lessing; "Valley of the Vines," by Joy Packer; "The Blanket," by A. A. Murray; "Mafeking Road," by Herman Charles Bosman; "The Little Karroo," by Pauline Smith; "Flamingo Feather," by Laurens van der Post; many of Nadine Gordimer's short stories included in "Six Feet of the Country" and "The Soft Voice of the Serpent"; "Jock of the Bushveld," a collection of poignantly descriptive animal tales by Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, and Olive Schreiner's classic pastoral, "The Story of an African Farm." Although the last two books were written more than fifty years ago, and are not, in a strict sense, contemporary, it would be unjust to exclude them on this count. Both of these remarkable and unforgettable books remain fresh, fascinating, and timeless.

Many of the current books concerning racial disaccord in South Africa all too frequently smack of Harry Bloom's "Episode in the Transvaal" and Sarah Gertrude Millin's "God's Step-Children." The subject matter is powerful stuff indeed, but the writing is lumpish and inexpert. Be that as it may, as long as racial tensions continue there will be a greater readership for such chronicles than is actually warranted by their intrinsic writing, since the focus of world attention on a malignant color problem has occasioned an attentive—and often indiscriminative—audience for topical South Africans of every sort.

In contrast to the spate of prose that has gushed from South Africa, there has been only a trickle of poetry. Nevertheless, notice should be given to Guy Butler, a professor at Rhodes University, Anthony Delius, a Cape Town newspaperman, and Uys Krige, the principal Afrikaans poet and playwright, who has had little of his lucid and canorous poetry translated into English. Not as well known as the late Roy Campbell, these three poets are soundly professional.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

## Henry James as Traveler

By Granville Hicks

AN EXCELLENT book for a stay-at-home summer is **"The Art of Travel,"** by Henry James (Doubleday-Anchor Books, $5.50). From the impressively large number of travel essays written by James over a period of more than thirty years, Morton Dauwen Zabel has made a rich selection. The volume begins and ends in America, and in between there are long sections on England, France, and Italy. Whether one knows the places James writes about or not, and whether they have changed greatly since he visited them or scarcely changed at all, what he says about them is always fresh and interesting.

As Zabel points out in his long and erudite introduction, James was almost literally a born traveler, for he was taken to Europe for the first time when he was only six months old. It was a conviction of Henry James, Sr., that his children should be exposed early and often to European experiences, and the younger Henry James had spent a total of several years abroad before he came to manhood. Later, while he was living in England, he traveled frequently on the Continent. Probably it is wrong to think of James's fiction, since in all but two beginning he was as much at home in Europe as in America.

Travel, as Zabel says, is at the heart of James's fiction, since in all but two or three of his important novels and in many of his shorter fictions he writes about Americans abroad. To James nothing was more fascinating than to compare the culture taking shape in the United States with the older culture from which it stemmed, and he could do this best by placing a representative product of the new culture in a European setting. As every reader of the novels knows, he did not find all the advantages on one side.

James was never less interested in America than in Europe, and it was to American scenes that he first devoted his talents. The four pieces that open the book—on Saratoga, Newport, Quebec, and Niagara—were written when he was in his middle twenties, but, though they lack the complete assurance of the later essays, they are by no means apprentice work. Already, one notes, he is comparing American with European culture, but his great gift is for recording the impression that a scene makes on the eye and the spirit. The description of Niagara Falls, that apparently hopelessly hackneyed subject, is quite extraordinarily fresh and vivid.

THE European essays, which were written over several decades, are arranged by countries, and in each section the reader is conscious of James's growth in understanding and of his development as a stylist. His method, however, rarely varies. He describes himself as "a votary, always, in the first instance, of a general impression," and it is the general impression he is wonderfully able to render. Whether he is writing about Wells or Chartres or Siena, whether he is writing about a town he has visited for the first time or one he knows well, he always succeeds in telling us both what he saw and what he felt. Even the essay on London, which sums up twenty years of familiarity, begins by setting down the impression made by an early visit.

There is much that one will not find in these essays. James is never a reporter, passing on useful information, nor is he concerned with sociological data. He may talk a little about the history of a place, but never for its own sake. He is chiefly concerned with things, not people, although there are a few shrewd and amusing portraits. What one does find is exactly the quality one feels in the many memorable passages in the novels in which a scene is rendered through the impression it makes on the mind of a character, but here the mind is the mind of Henry James, perhaps more open, more perceptive than the mind of anyone he created.

It is in the last group of essays, those taken from "The American Scene," that the searching character of that mind is most strongly revealed. His visual sense was as strong as ever, as is demonstrated in the descriptions of New Hampshire in autumn, Mount Vernon, West Point, Concord, and many other places, but he was challenged to do nothing less than define the quality of the civilization that had grown to maturity in the United States in the closing decades of the nineteenth century, the decades of his long absence. He spoke of approaching America "in abject and craven terror," but soon after his arrival in the autumn of 1904 he expressed his belief that he could write "the best book [of social and pictorial and, as it were, human observations] ever devoted to this country."

James's biases were not concealed. He preferred an ordered to an open society, and if beauty and distinction and permanence could only be achieved through the existence of a privileged class, the price did not seem to him too high. Poverty he deplored, but its existence did not destroy his joy in the beauties that met his eye

(*Continued on page* 42)

**THE ARTIST'S LIFE** led by Amedeo Modigliani during the first two decades of the Twenties was marked with mental and physical illness. Although weakened by absinthe and hashish, he continued to paint his original, stylized portraits. Claude Roy's handsomely illustrated **"Modigliani"** (Skira, $5.95), traces the artist's career from his birth in Italy to his death, at the age of thirty-six, in a Parisian charity hospital.

"The Little Milkmaid."

"Elvira."

"Jeanne Hébuterne."

"The Swedish Girl."

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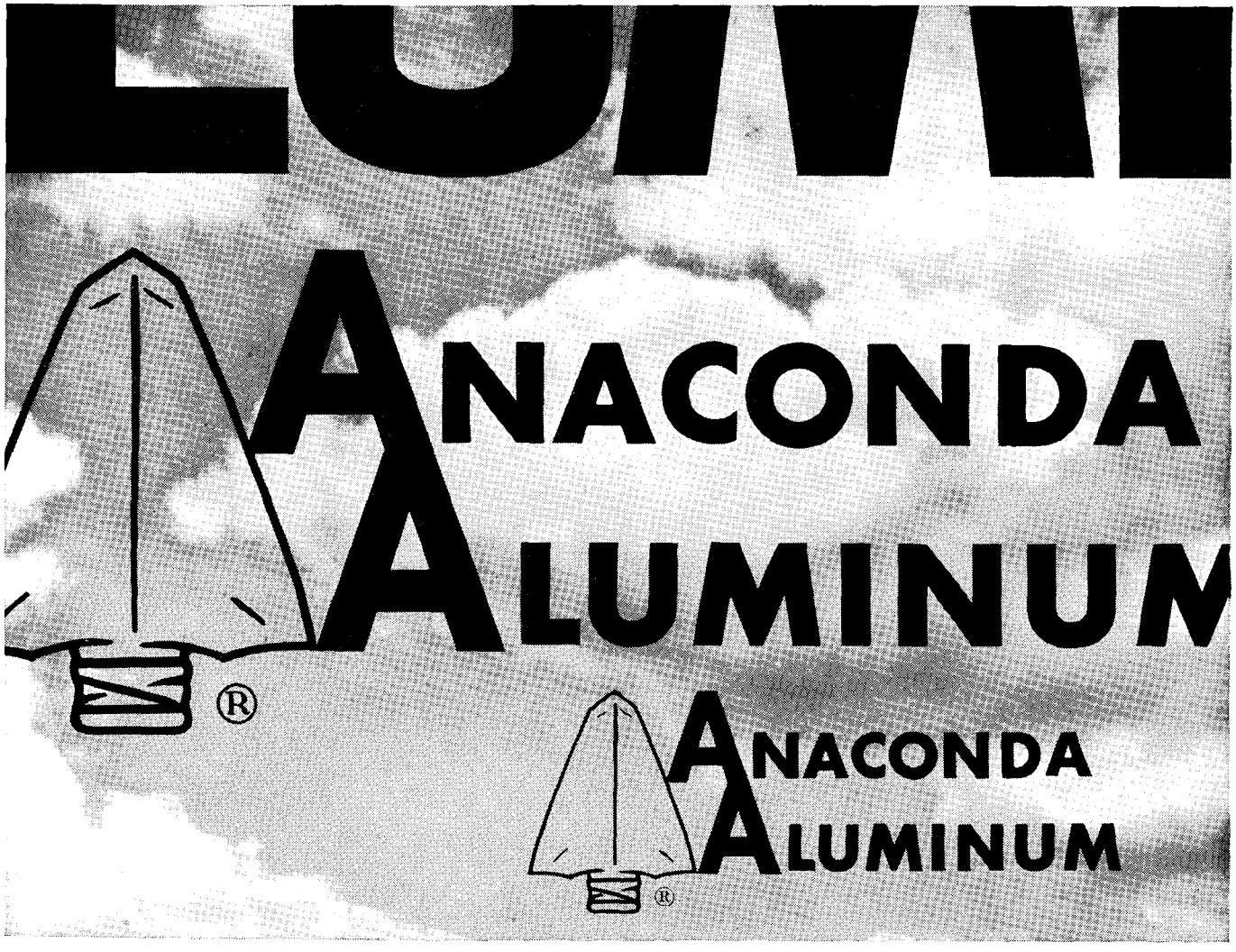


# MARK OF PROGRESS...

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On May 1, 1958, Cochran Foil Company, Louisville, Ky., became Cochran Foil Corporation—The Anaconda Company's newest subsidiary. This acquisition marks a major step forward in Anaconda's steady growth and diversification, and enhances its expanding position in the aluminum industry.

Anaconda, a leader in nonferrous metals, had previously entered the aluminum industry through various subsidiaries: An up-to-date primary reduction plant at Columbia Falls, Montana; a coiled-sheet rolling mill at Torrington, Connecticut; and facilities for producing rod, sheet, tube and extruded shapes now nearing completion at Terre Haute, Indiana.

Cochran Foil Company, founded in 1939, had become the leading independent producer of aluminum sheet and foil, laminated foil products, and rigid aluminum containers. Now, the distribution and sales of all "Anaconda Aluminum" fabricated products will be made through the Cochran Foil Corporation.

Speaking at Anaconda's annual stockholders' meeting on May 21st, A. P. Cochran commented: "*Most people think of aluminum foil primarily as household foil. Actually, there are many other industrial uses such as in air conditioning, labels, protective packaging, radios, bottle caps, and so on.*

A. P. Cochran, *President*
Cochran Foil Corporation

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Anaconda's growth in aluminum is typical of the company's contribution to America's progress, and a prime example of a development program that seeks to offer better products and services to both industry and consumer.

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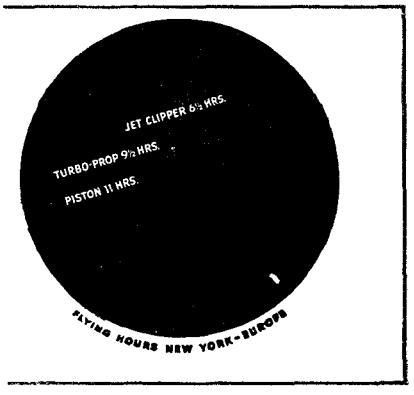


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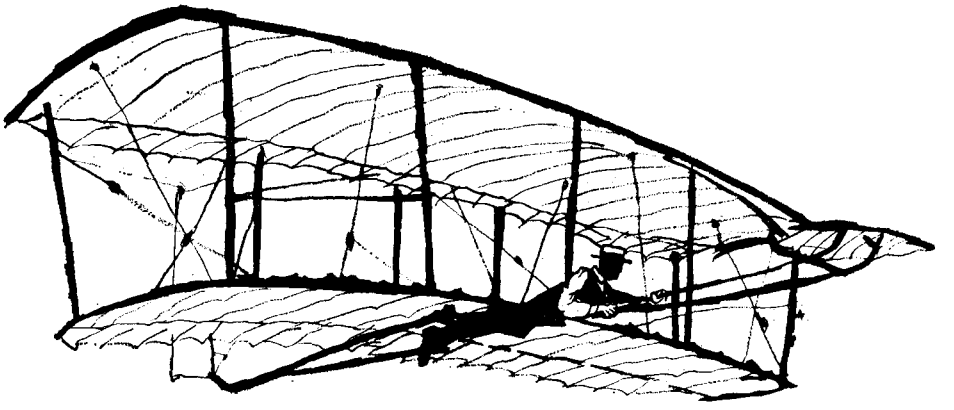

**The man who wants to**

# KNOW

Always, since the dawn of mankind, there has been the man who wanted to KNOW one thing or many things.

Often that instinct to know was merged with the instinct to survive; in this there is nothing new.

To know how to grow food, how to build fire, how to turn a wheel—to know why a baby could die or a flower grow... all these desires play their parts in the long story of man, thinking.

Man today is still man thinking, man seeking and studying and searching.

Anything that elevates thinking man to new importance must in the end favor free men over slave men.

Thus, the current upgrading of the man who wants to KNOW finds an answering upthrust in the American mind and heart.

**TIME—The Weekly Newsmagazine**

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**WRITERS AND WRITING**

# Liberalism Without Platitude

***"Only in America," by Harry Golden** (World. 317 pp. $4), is a far-ranging collection of essays about motley topics—current events, desegregation, history, Jews—by the editor of the* Carolina Israelite. *Joseph Wood Krutch, our reviewer, is himself a distinguished essayist.*

By Joseph Wood Krutch

A GENERATION ago the Familiar Essay, being no longer welcome as such, assumed a transparent disguise and took refuge in the Column or the Department. Here it has frequently been printable but rather infrequently reprintable, and that makes the present volume something of a surprise.

Mr. Golden is introduced by Carl Sandburg, and an enthusiastic letter from Adlai Stevenson accompanies review copies of his book, so he is obviously not entirely unknown outside Charlotte, North Carolina, where his monthly, sixteen-page *Carolina Israelite* apparently consists entirely of advertisements plus his paragraphs and essays. In fact, the paper has, according to Mr. Sandburg, some 14,000 subscribers, by no means all either Jewish or local. Still, his name meant nothing to me and self-respect compels me to suppose that a great many other literate people would say the same. That is a pity.

Mr. Golden has an agile, wide-ranging mind, a good deal of information, much good humor as well as much humor (they are by no means the same), and a fresh, easy, free-flowing style. He is, in other words, just what a columnist should be. Once when he was serving on a committee investigating Communists in North Carolina he realized with a shiver that the eight witnesses being examined were all subscribers. Then he hurried home during the lunch hour to prepare himself with cards to show that so also were a dozen tobacco and textile tycoons and the White House.

What does Mr. Golden write about? Frequently, of course, about Jews—occasionally about their present status but more frequently about what life was like when he was a boy on the lower East Side. Seldom has that rich if grotesque and difficult life been described with more humor and less of either condescension or sentimentality. Not infrequently he writes about current issues including (and this must take some courage) desegregation—as he does for example in a piece suggesting his own solution of the school problem, which is based upon the fact that "vertical desegregation" is already achieved. Nobody seems to mind *standing* alongside a Negro in the supermarket or anywhere else. It's when they sit down that trouble begins. Well, why not just have desks but no seats in the schoolroom?

Possibly the best and most original of the pieces are those least obviously timely—little excursions into history, psychology, or philosophy as they apply to the human situation in general. Mr. Golden is a liberal and what most of us would call "on the right side." But he manages somehow to escape platitude and stuffiness, partly at least because he is tough-minded without being hard-boiled and likes to exhibit an amiable Rabelaisian streak which seems to have been left out most of the liberal-minded. "Nothing," he says, "makes the little people of this world madder than to hit smack up against a crackpot who refuses to order No. 2 for Mother's Day and insists upon writing his own telegram."

I think a good deal of Mr. Golden's freshness comes down to the fact that even when he has something to say upon any of the most sacred liberal topics he refuses to send telegram No. 2, or No. 3 either. "The schoolteachers get an invitation to 'Come to a workshop on reading.' . . . Isn't reading in a deplorable enough state without associating it with a workshop? A workshop is where you make book ends or candlesticks, or file down your handcuffs." Or take this Rabelaisian bit about various great men who managed somehow to find a surprising amount of time for grievously unrespectable love-making: "Gouverneur Morris lost a leg jumping out of a window when one of our founding-husbands came home unexpectedly, and over in France he refused to put up bail for Lafayette . . . because he, Gouverneur, was in love with Lafayette's wife. I am sure it hurt our ambassador to see Lafayette in the Bastille, but he was tired of jumping out of windows."

As debunker (if you must use the word) Mr. Golden is closer to Montaigne than to Mencken.

# Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

## DEITIES BY THE DOZEN

*Gods, goddesses, and their underlings, either by name or by category, are frequently hauled out of mythology to take their places in book titles. Mary S. Bryan of Ibiza, Baleares, Spain, offers an assortment of these, plus a mountain or two, together with the jumbled names of the authors, and asks you to put the pieces together. Key Columns Two and Three on Column One. Everything is straightened out on page 28.*

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1) "_____" | ( ) | Apollo | ( ) | D. T. Atkinson |
| 2) "The _____" | ( ) | Atlas | ( ) | E. Barrington |
| 3) "_____ and Civilization" | ( ) | Aurora | ( ) | Catherine Drinker Bowen |
| 4) "The _____ Are Heard" | ( ) | Eros | ( ) | Elizabeth Barrett Browning |
| 5) "The Constant_____" | ( ) | Goddess | ( ) | Truman Capote |
| 6) "_____ Descending" | ( ) | Gods | ( ) | Agatha Christie |
| 7) "The Engines of _____" | ( ) | Hercules | ( ) | March Cost |
| 8) "The Food of the _____" | ( ) | Hygeia | ( ) | Norman Douglas |
| 9) "Glorious _____" | ( ) | Minerva | ( ) | Christopher Fry |
| 10) "Invitation from _____" | ( ) | Muses | ( ) | Robert Graves |
| 11) "The Labours of _____" | ( ) | Myth | ( ) | Knut Hamsun |
| 12) "_____ Land" | ( ) | Nymph | ( ) | Margaret Kennedy |
| 13) "_____ Leigh" | ( ) | Olympus | ( ) | Pär Lagerkvist |
| 14) "Magic, _____ and Medicine" | ( ) | Orpheus | ( ) | Herbert Marcuse |
| 15) "_____ Observed" | ( ) | Pan | ( ) | Christopher Morley |
| 16) "_____ on Wheels" | ( ) | Parnassus | ( ) | John Phillips |
| 17) "_____ Shrugged" | ( ) | Sibyl | ( ) | Tennessee Williams |
| 18) "The White _____" | ( ) | Siren | ( ) | Ayn Rand |
| 19) "Yankee from _____" | ( ) | Venus | ( ) | H. G. Wells |

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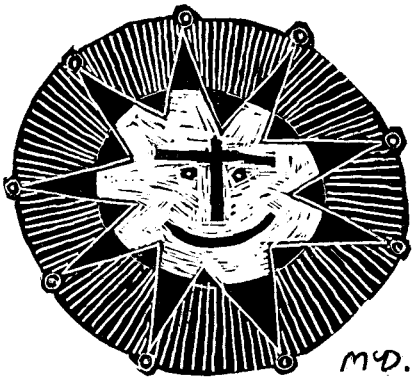
# Scholar-Gentleman

***"Selected Essays," by Robert Penn Warren*** *(Random House. 305 pp. $4), is a book of literary pieces, ranging from Coleridge to Faulkner, by the winner of the 1958 National Book Award for poetry. The essays are reviewed by Ben Ray Redman, a well-known literary critic.*

By Ben Ray Redman




ROBERT PENN WARREN is one of our most distinguished men of letters. Crowned with laurels for both prose and verse, he has pursued his career with steady devotion, cultivated his talents with scrupulosity, and held to his self-charted course heedless of the winds of fashion. In the present volume we find him in the critic's role, studying four novelists, two poets, two short-story writers, one poem, and the nature of poetry itself.

The first fact that will strike the reader of Mr. Warren's essays is that they may be read with enjoyment as well as profit; and this is well worth noting at a time when so much literary criticism is a wilful exhibition of cerebral and verbal acrobatics, painful to follow and profitless to understand. Eschewing the pretentious jargon dear to many of his colleagues, Mr. Warren writes like a scholar and a gentleman, not like a pedantic mystagogue. In the course of cultivating a fine literary sensibility he has not found it necessary to divest himself of common sense.

The second striking fact is that his criticism is broadly based. He is interested not only in the modes of verse and prose, in literary structure and strategy, but in the philosophy and morality of the writers whose work he interprets. As a child of his age he could hardly be expected to practise the critic's art without a reliance upon symbols; but he proves himself no Nimrod among our symbol-hunters, except—to my mind—in his examination of "The Ancient Mariner," which is conducted through a hundred fascinating, if not always convincing, pages. But I am wrong—I have remembered another instance of symbol-hunting in which he displays a temerity beyond the call of duty. It is when he calls Faulkner's Popeye a symbol "for the society of finance capitalism." Well, well!

In a brief review of these ten thought-packed essays it is obviously impossible to do more than mention some of Mr. Warren's critical *dicta* and define his critical purpose.

He finds that Conrad is chiefly concerned with "the relation of man to the human communion," and that the story which most fully engages his powers is one like "Nostromo," in which we witness "the effort of the alienated . . . to enter again the human communion." Conrad's characters are not individuals to be relished for their traits; they exist in terms of their "typical involvement with situation and theme." According to this novelist, the values by which men live are illusions, and "the last wisdom" is the realization that they are as necessary and as precious as they are illusory.

In his essay on Faulkner Mr. Warren seeks to explain the significance of the Faulkner "legend," the part played in his fiction by the "natural background," the social complex of Yoknapatawpha County, and the functional concept of Original Sin. The author defines the "central fact in Faulkner's work," as "a recognition of the common human bond, a profound respect for the human." When he comes to Hemingway, whose masterpiece in his opinion is "A Farewell to Arms," he meets characters who live by a code (which also rests on illusions), and an author who "has given us one of the most compelling symbols of a personal response to our age." Writing of Thomas Wolfe, in 1935, he credits him with "an enormous talent" and debits him with failure as a novelist, resulting from a naïve exploitation of autobiography.

It is pleasant to read a few of Frost's poems in Mr. Warren's company; to see what he can make of Melville's halting, troubled verse; to hear him discuss Katherine Anne Porter's "central irony" and Eudora Welty's themes and stylistic preciosity; to consider his ideas regarding "pure" and "impure" poetry; and humbly to match wits with him on the trampled battleground of Coleridge's most famous poem.

In closing it may be said that Mr. Warren's critical purpose appears to be the formulation of comprehensive critical statements, soundly based on closely studied particulars.

# Rare Commoner

***"Anthony Trollope," by Bradford A. Booth*** *(Indiana University Press. 258 pp. $6), is a study of the nineteenth-century novelist who chronicled the happenings at Barsetshire.* SR's *reviewer is Harvey Curtis Webster, who is on the faculty of the University of Louisville's English Department.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

CURRENT readings on the Literary Stock Exchange show that most of the Victorians are variable or falling; only Jane Austen and Anthony Trollope, decade after decade, are always close to parity, Trollope steady on fifty, Austen steady on ninety. Neither of them, of course, would make any best-seller lists, as Tolstoy did during World War II, but they are consistent sellers with faithful followers who read and reread. When one recalls that Trollope found only one eighteenth-century writer he could admire, Richardson, that he found the others lascivious, one wonders why.

At any rate, the fact is that Trollope is and has been a favorite with both the common and the exceptional reader. Henry James and R. L. Stevenson, as well as the Victorian man in the street, read him while today even the newest new critic, I have heard, reads him on the sly. They could and generally do a lot worse. For, though Trollope was not "a man of transcendent genius but of extraordinary talent," as Mr. Booth comments, he has "the virtue of a restrained style, and it is a very great one," since it prevents the author from being caught "in extremes of manner that make him ridiculous." Trollope, furthermore, is not as restricted in substance as some imagine. His Barsetshire suggests any place at any time. "Trollope, like Jane Austen, is a synechdochist. He is one with every artist who takes *his* corner of life as a symbol of all life."

Mr. Booth is *the* man who should be trusted about Trollope. Not only has he edited Trollope's letters and "Autobiography"; he has also had access to journals and papers and manuscripts no other scholar has bothered with, and made the most of

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**LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS**

Column 2 should read: 9, 17, 13, 3, 18, 8, 11, 7, 10, 4, 14, 5, 19, 6, 1, 16, 2, 12, 15. Column 3 should read: 14, 9, 19, 13, 4, 11, 10, 12, 15, 18, 1, 5, 2, 3, 16, 7, 17, 8, 6.

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them. One gets the impression that he knows each of Trollope's forty-seven novels rather better than the palm of his hand, that he is also well read in contemporary and past literature, that he has the necessary equipment for helping the learned and guiding the novice. Unlike many scholars, he does not overestimate the importance and virtues of the man he has spent much of fifteen years studying. He does not hesitate to say that "Miss Mackenzie" is "linked dreariness long drawn out," nor does he lack the independence necessary to point out that such favorites as "Barchester Towers" and "The Warden" are really inferior to "The Last Chronicle of Barset" (here Trollope briefly became "a great . . . novelist") and that the Palliser series of political novels shows an advance over the novels of Cathedral and Parish because "The repeated characters do grow and develop and change." He is deadly in his castigation of Trollope's too numerous subplots and the slick-magazine treatment he gives his young lovers. Altogether Mr. Booth may be trusted both for breadth of knowledge and depth of perception.

But his study will not, I am afraid, reach the average reader of good intelligence who might be converted to the pleasure of Trollope. Mr. Booth knows so much that he forgets frequently that all but his most learned readers know very little. Too often he assumes his reader has read and remembers even the minor novels and refers to them too elliptically. This is too bad, for Mr. Booth has the necessary equipment to write an excellent book that would appeal to learned and unlearned alike. Until he does so, I am afraid I shall have to suggest that those who are not already Trollopians should start their acquaintance with this very good novelist by reading Michael Sadleir's less informed "Anthony Trollope: A Commentary" or Walter Allen's section on him in "The English Novel." These writers whet one's appetite rather than force one to sit down to a big and heavy meal.

**FICTION**

# Affairs in East Nines

***"The Summer Lovers," by Hollis Alpert** (Knopf. 307 pp. $3.95), is a first novel by* The Saturday Review's *movie critic, set in the sand dune country of Long Island.*

By David Dempsey

IN THIS novel about some nice people in trouble, Hollis Alpert has demonstrated how unreliable are the assumed, socially accepted relationships between husband and wife, mother and daughter, lover and beloved. I might add that in doing this he has boxed the compass in such a way that few of his characters ever really find their way out of the mess. Throughout, his precariously balanced needle of love has considerable difficulty locating magnetic north.

Into the Long Island summer colony of East Nines comes William Chadburn, an illustrator of children's books and the chief *raisoneur* of the tale. A whilom resident with a former wife (who has since remarried, and is in the process of getting a new divorce), Chadburn takes an apartment in the home of Martha and Andy Wells. Andy is a college professor who, for some years now, has been trying to finish a book. He is also a bit of a lecher.

All is well until Martha's nineteen-year-old daughter, Sally, by a former marriage (nearly everyone in this book has been married before or will be again), comes home for the summer, bringing with her Chris Granger, a level-headed young man who is about to be inducted into the Army. In this *ménage à cinq*, Sally is soon discovered to be the villain. It is her contention that sex conquers all, a proposition that can be traced back to a fashionably permissive childhood.

*—Valentine Sherry.*

Hollis Alpert—"quietly urbane."

What she permits now that she is grown, and while she is rebuffing young Chris, is her stepfather's lovemaking. As you might suppose, the plot at this point thickens like one of those ocean fogs that crawl over the sand dunes at East Nines. I am not going to disentangle it except to say that when the fog clears a great deal has happened to these people, some of it deplorable but all of it quite credible. Fundamentally, they are drawn into the same vortex—love—or what passes for it.

In its quietly urbane manner, "The Summer Lovers" is flawlessly written, although I could wish that the characters were not quite so decent about it all. I have a feeling that Mr. Alpert never really lets himself go with these people—that he is reluctant to dig around beneath the surface of their neatly inventoried lives. As a result, they carry the burden of the story with a kind of leftover quality, as though their real selves were somewhere else, beyond our reach.

Perhaps this is why, at the end of the novel, we are more puzzled about their future than concerned. For this is a book that lives most validly as a bright reflection of surface events; Mr. Alpert's achievement is to convince us that because what happens shouldn't happen, we have a feeling that it might.

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# Southern Appetite

***"Call Down the Storm," by Lee-Gette Blythe*** *(Holt. 320 pp. $3.95), traces the problem of miscegenation in the South as it is enacted through one family from Reconstruction days to the present time. Andrew Lytle, who reviews the novel, is the author of "The Velvet Horn" and the forthcoming "A Novel, a Novella, and Four Stories."*

By Andrew Lytle

"CALL DOWN THE STORM" is a didactic book, entirely so in the last third of it. It covers a wide passage of time, from the end of the Reconstruction to the moment when the President sends paratroopers into Little Rock. In 1876 young Doctor Cardell returns from medical school in Philadelphia to Holly Grove, his family estate in North Carolina. The ruin of its economy represents the South's ruin. The doctor forms a liaison with his mulatto cook and housekeeper. Their bastard children live with the mother in the outdoors kitchen, the doctor alone in the big house. Out of this physical union comes disaster to the children, except in one instance. A daughter is raped; her twin brother hangs legally for resenting this; a son is killed in a Negro frolic; another daughter—they are almost white—marries a black man; but one asserts her white blood and marries in Philadelphia the son of the doctor's schoolmate, a man of Spanish blood, which allows her to "pass."

The disaster the children suffer is meaningless as fiction, because the author never brings them to life. They are names only. To kill a man in a book he must first be made human. However, Sarah Gordon, the mistress and mother, achieves fictive value. To a lesser degree does the doctor. The way they face the consequences of lust gives them dignity and the illusion of humanity.

The sorrows of miscegenation thus seems the subject, but miscegenation is merely the occasion to put over a message. Its argument seems this: the older commodity-producing South had only material values, doomed to go down before industrialism. Once the Negro blood has been gradually assimilated, not only in the South but everywhere, the country will unite under a more efficient economy.

To make his case the author reduces an institutional society to its carnal parts. The episodes, scenes, panoramic summaries show worldly and sensual values as the only components of farming Southern society. The planter caste is depicted as all appetite; as, indeed, are all the characters. The doctor peeps at his nude cook bathing; she peeps at him standing nude before his window, then goes to bed with him. The doctor's fiancée can think of no appeal but showing her breasts.

THE one mention of religion, the old-fashioned camp meeting, is limited to the stimulus of sex, illicit and legal. The scene of outmoded chivalry, a tilting at the rings, is reduced to competition, foreshadowing the triumph of the factory, since the overseer victor has set his mind to textiles. He succeeds; marries the doctor's fiancée. His descendant marries the doctor's descendant from Philadelphia. Together they restore Holly Grove with industrial money and so bury the taint.

Presumably this is the way to regeneration. Perhaps it would be, if Mendel had not discovered a law, or if humans were incapable of love.

# Missa Solemnis

By Byron Vazakas

THE Ecce Homo on the mantel-piece
between bisque angels from Bavaria
rolled up its eyes beneath its crown of thorns
bloody from roses which the wrecking crew
would pluck from paper on the plaster walls
till Grandma's house became a parking lot.
That house is gone; and with it her High Deutsch
and crucifix veiled with mosquito net
to keep away the fly-specked memories.
On sultry evenings, with her drum-tight fan
flicking the air like some light overture
she'd heard at Baden, slowly she ran down
her heart, to tick off tunes timed to her elegance.
With parasol, or rolled umbrella, *always* gloved,
she promenades through makeshift scenery,
my mind's Black Forest, *much too proud to die.*

# Fireless Hell

***"The Cavalryman," by Harold Sinclair*** *(Harper. 342 pp. $3.95), is an historical novel about a hard-ridin soldier who leads a frontier force against the Sioux nation. Earl Schenck Miers, the author of several books about the Civil War, is our reviewer.*

By Earl Schenck Miers

READERS of Harold Sinclair's fine novel "The Horse Soldiers" (1956) will need no introduction to Jack Marlowe and Asa Bryce, the intrepid pair who led Union cavalry forces into the heart of hostile Mississippi and returned virtually unscathed to tell that rousing tale. Now in "The Cavalryman" Marlowe, promoted to a brigadier-general, and Bryce, as his chief of staff, appear in the Dakota Territory—proving, principally, that no one can predict what the damn fools in the War Department will order next.

Marlowe knew little about the Dakota Territory, less about the ragtag frontier army he had been sent to command, and nothing at all about fighting the Sioux. To complicate matters, he must also escort an emigran train across the territory as far as the Yellowstone River. Historically such a northwest expedition occurred during the summer of 1864 under the command of Brigadier-General Alfred S. Sully, but Sinclair possesses the right instinct for a novelist and never permits fact to clutter up a good story.

And when Marlowe can forget his rambling, tedious discourse over every picayune detail, this is a fine novel. The battle at the foot of Killdeer Mountain, probably the greatest engagement of whites against Indians on the American continent, is historical fiction at its best. The movement of the emigrant train through the Bad Lands—"There it is—Hell with the fires out!" Asa Bryce said—has dimension, reality, the quality of superb prose. In Captain Holtz, German leader of the Indian scouts, and in Captain Percy, river pilot who navigates his boat on scarcely more than a morning mist, there is splendid characterization. There are flashes of good frontier humor, though if the frontier did produce a distinct idiom (as the scholars claim) you'll find precious little of it here.

Frankly, "The Cavalryman" is not quite the novel "The Horse Soldiers" was. Either Sinclair or his editor grew lazy with the blue pencil. And whereas it is refreshing to discover now gone from the scene the nympho-

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maniac who not so long ago impressed most Civil War novelists as the All-American Girl, perhaps the pendulum can swing too far. In Ruth Hayes, pure but gabby, passion fizzles like a wet fuse. Poor Marlowe and she talk themselves into an impasse.

With most novelists "The Cavalryman" would be a better achievement than it is with Sinclair, who bears the handicap of possessing talent far above the average. On the last page Marlowe is headed east and the war still rages. Where next? To ride with Sheridan and turn the tide for Grant? Now there would be a story to read—if Harold Sinclair wrote it!

# The Family Circle

*Nowhere is a more finely-etched microcosm to be found than in that primary and essential unit, the family. Husband and wife, parents and children, sibling and sibling all coexist either in harmony or more often, at least in fiction, in perennial discord. The three books reviewed below are each concerned with familial relationships as they are enacted in many lands and in many guises.*

**GEMÜTLICHKEIT ON GARMENT ROW:** In **"Seidman and Son"** (Putnam, $3.95), Elick Moll creates an assortment of Seventh Avenue guys and dolls protectively lorded over by the philosophical Morris Seidman, a New York dress manufacturer with a Runyanesque halo. Morris has a set temperamental pattern that rises to a pitch of exaggerated indignation and subsides into a gentle shrug: "Listen, we all got problems . . . The main thing, we should all have a little patience. A little humor. Right?"

Time after time Morris Seidman runs into circumstantial evidence that tempts him to believe the worst about people. A dress model, Pat O'Donel, attracts sympathy and presents from his partner so that Morris righteously breaks up the relationship only to find out later that she is not a gold digger but a widow with an infant son and a lonely heart. Morris contritely makes generous amends. Suspicion wells up again in Morris when he discovers an unexplained baby photo in a letter to his son, Harold, home from the Korean War. He has visions of being a grandfather to Kim Sung Seidman. In time even this would have proven acceptable to Morris, because throughout his sentimental adventures he sheds prejudices with such profusion that he becomes the most tolerant figure in contemporary fiction. Kim Sung turns out to be an orphan, and after a wild spree as a crusader for social justice, Harold settles down to marry outside his religion. Is Morris reconciled to this turn of events? "Reconciled? You mean on account of the religion? Listen, every Jewish family should only have in it a few Gentiles like Marie, they would be very lucky. Did you ever see a Presbyterian Jew? I would like to be one." Not since "Abie's Irish Rose" has there been such interfaith good will and gaiety about intermarriage, nor has there been a character like Morris, whose high-dudgeon tirades are streaked with colloquial comedy. —SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

**LITTLE WOMEN:** Lucille Fletcher's **"The Daughters of Jasper Clay"** (Holt, $3.95) is in a quite different key from that of the author's radio and film classic, "Sorry, Wrong Number." Miss Fletcher's first novel is a study not in horror but in frustration, as it benumbs a middle-class Brooklyn family during the Forties. Jasper Clay, a widowed customs clerk with four grown daughters, is a heavy father with a soft center; a sentimental tyrant, his doting overpossessiveness is just strong enough to warp his daughters without breaking them. Clay, who is well intentioned and not unlikable, seeks to maintain a private image of himself as a loving papa perennially surrounded by four doting little women. But one by one the daughters help destroy the image. Ann, the youngest, escapes the Brooklyn homestead to California and catastrophe. Gladys elopes with a hot-eyed youth who is not only a painter but a foreigner as well. Lillian rejects domesticity for medical school. Even Elizabeth, the homebody, finds herself a suitor. Bludgeoned by personal disaster and disillusionment, Clay's shaky personality finally comes entirely unhinged, and he spins out his days ridden by delusions.

Miss Fletcher's account of Jasper Clay's decline and fall is less interesting as a character study than as a backward glance at an era that dissolved with the end of the Second World War. In spite of their sometimes violent characteristics, the Clays remain muted figures, playing out their conflicts in a minor key. But the middle-class Brooklyn of prewar days emerges as the sharpest and most poignant reality in the novel.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

**THREE PROBLEMS:** The life problems of two ladies, two very English ladies, a mother and daughter, make the framework for **"The Dangerous Years"** (Dutton, $3.50), by Richard Church. One is a widow of fifty, Mrs. Mary Winterbourne, who thinks all passion is spent in her life, and in a fling of "autumnal folly" in Paris finds that is not true. The other is her daughter, Joan Boys, who suffers from too little love in an unsatisfactory marriage with a perennial-Boy-Scout type of husband, who prefers mountain climbing to sex. She finds fulfillment and tragedy close together. Mr. Church adds yet a third problem, the question of a career for a precocious, nine-year-old musical prodigy. Shall his musical gifts, which amount to genius, be exploited at once, or conserved for maturity? The time here is 1930.

These patterns wind together and are worked out in Paris, with a fling in St. Moritz. The last or third problem is the least successful. The child prodigy is notoriously hard to do, and the case of Adrian Batten, our genius, is no exception to this rule. Also there is a brash American, Mr. Aloysius Sturm, an impresario, who says ma'am constantly and is up to no good. What is best here is the background, the setting, the detailed picture of the sights and sounds of Paris, of Victoria station, or a Channel crossing, or of an avalanche in the Alps. There the poet side of Mr. Church is evident in his accurate command of sensory detail and in the way he conveys the atmosphere of a place. The

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dialogue, on the other hand, is sometimes stilted and formal, and the leisurely tempo at the beginning is too weighed down with detail. In spite of the Paris setting, this novel is more insular somehow than Mr. Church's autobiographical book, "Over the Bridge," or "The Golden Soverign." It is a very English novel all round, in view, approach, speech, and pace.

—ROSEMARY C. BENÉT.

**WITH THIS RING:** The four novella-length stories in Martha Gellhorn's **"Two by Two"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50) are each a portrayal of marriage. In "For Better For Worse," the marriage of Prince Andrea Ferentino and Kitty Greene, Chicago heiress, is ideal—ideal, that is, by default. Bred in the patriarchal Italian tradition, Andrea is unhappily dependent, both financially and spiritually, upon the old Prince, his father, and finds fulfillment only in his wife, Kitty, a shy, weak-willed woman who, in turn, wishes only to be loved by Andrea. During the war Andrea strikes out and breaks free from parental authority, but once peace is established, he finds himself back in his father's castle. For Andrea and Kitty their marriage is the only happiness they will ever know.

The breakdown of a marriage caused by a wife's illness is the underlying situation of "In Sickness and In Health." Driven by normal sexual desire, James, the husband, has been living with a young woman named Maggie, and the happy routine of their existence is broken only by his dutiful visits to his invalid wife, Annette. When Maggie becomes pregnant, he decides to tell Annette about her and ask for a divorce. With the words "I love," he begins to tell his wife of his love for Maggie, but ends by saying "you" instead. He finds that the matrimonial tie is not easily dissolved, either in sickness or in health.

"For Richer For Poorer" is the chronicle of a marriage destroyed by a wife's ambitions. The ladder-climbing wife is a very familiar character in fiction, and it would take an extraordinary story to put her across. This Miss Gellhorn has failed to write. Rose and her husband, Ian, are two-dimensional figures: Rose is all cruelty and darkness, Ian all sweetness and light.

The best, and final story, "Till Death Us Do Part," is a believable account of a love-marriage that continues beyond death. But aside from this moving theme, the story is remarkable for its fascinating study of a photographer, Tim Bara, who risked and lost his life to portray war through his camera.

—LINDA BRANDI.

**COMMUNICATION**

# One Species, One Tongue

***"One Language for One World," by Mario Pei** (Devin-Adair. 291 pp. $5), presents the past history and the present problems of establishing a universally understood language. It is reviewed by Jacob Ornstein, who is the author of many books about language including "Slavic Studies in America."*

By Jacob Ornstein

IN THIS work linguist and writer Mario Pei grapples with the problem of twentieth-century Babel. It is interesting to recall that in Genesis the multiplicity of tongues was viewed as a form of Divine punishment. Today, despite miracle drugs and supersonic speeds—or perhaps because of them—the world's speech situation is more critical than ever. A linguistic curtain of some 3,000 tongues blocks international communication in countless ways. No longer does any single language, such as the Latin of the Middle Ages and Renaissance. serve as the *lingua franca* across political boundaries.

Professor Pei devotes the major portion of his book to a review of the main schemes which have been proposed—some 600 in all—to solve the universal language problem. They have been largely of four types. The first has sought to create a purely artificial language to communicate ideas and images on logical lines, without reference to natural languages. A second type is seen in the artificial mediums patterned after natural tongues, but avoiding their irregularities. Of these, the most successful have been Volapük, Esperanto, and Interlingua. A third approach has been the simplification of natural tongues, such as Ogden's Basic English. A fourth answer is the universal adoption of one or more natural tongues, such as French, English, or Spanish, as auxiliaries.

Failure has been the lot of all these plans because they never secured official support by governments. Pei staunchly advocates the selection of a world auxiliary by an international conference. Participating nations would pledge themselves to teaching all children the "inter-language" from kindergarten on, along with their native tongue. In several generations the language barrier would be swept away.

The trouble with Pei's proposal is that it makes too much sense. As overtures to the late League of Nations and the United Nations (through UNESCO) have shown, modern nations display a stubborn reluctance

## Pick of the Paperbacks

**THE MUSTANGS.** *By J. Frank Dobie. Bantam.* 50¢. An exciting chapter in Western history is recreated in this account of the horses who roamed wild across the countryside.

**SOUTH FROM GRANADA.** *By Gerald Brenan. Evergreen.* $1.75. A literary Englishman reports on his year well spent among the villagers of Yegen, who taught him how to live in a leisurely fashion.

**MONKEY.** *By Wu Ch'eng-en. Translated by Arthur Waley. Evergreen.* $1.75. The picaresque rovings of a high-spirited monkey who meets in his travels a potpourri of demons, ogres, and fairies is the subject of this sixteenth-century satiric Chinese novel.

**THE COLLECTOR'S BACH.** *By Nathan Broder. Keystone.* $1.25. This helpful guidebook through the labyrinth of Bach's music gives some succinct information about vocal, keyboard, chamber, and orchestral works, and lists as well the important recordings.

**RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS!** *By Max Shulman. Bantam.* 50¢. All about the madcap doings in the Exurbs (Fairfield County, Connecticut, to be exact) when a missile base sets up shop.

**RELIGION IN PRIMITIVE CULTURE.** *By Sir Edward Burnett Taylor. Torchbooks.* $1.95. A nineteenth-century anthropologist's study of early religion explains how even in the most primitive civilizations man was seeking his god.

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toward accepting any universal auxiliary, no matter how practical. In the reviewer's opinion, the time is not yet propitious for an all-out international language effort. At this point it is more feasible to overhaul language teaching on the home front by improving instruction and expanding the number of major tongues that are taught in our schools.

If Dr. Pei's book stimulates thinking and discussion on language problems, it will serve a useful purpose. At the same time, it is an entertaining account of the human side of languages, and of the mischief caused by the omnipresent "linguistic gremlins" which have, through the ages, plagued man in his attempts to communicate across frontiers.

# 1,000 Years of Change

***"A History of the English Language," by G. L. Brook** (Essential. 224 pp. $4), is a compact study of the origins and usage of English speech. It is reviewed by Bergen Evans, who is host of the TV program "The Last Word" and co-author of "A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage."*

By Bergen Evans

TO THE Language Library, edited by Eric Partridge, has been added "A History of the English Language," by G. L. Brook, professor of English language and medieval English literature at the University of Manchester. The books in this series, as the general title suggests, attempt not so much to provide fresh knowledge as to summarize what is already known.

It is important to know the history of our language. People who hold strong opinions about questions of grammar (and most Americans seem to) ought at least to know whether they are defending traditional English or attacking it. Those who object to the *j* sound in *educate*, for instance, who protest against the use of *slow* as an adverb, insist that *yes* is our sole correct affirmative particle, deplore the tendency to slur such phrases as *did you* or demand that *none* be treated always as a singular—such people are innovators. They have, of course, a right to take whatever liberties with the language they choose. But they ought to know that they are innovators and not, as they often consider themselves, stout defenders of the established order.

Moreover, even a superficial knowledge of the history of the language will dissipate a great deal of needless concern about its degeneration. The changes that are now taking place are no worse than the changes that have been taking place for as long as there is any record. And every change seems to have been greeted with alarm on its appearance and accepted as natural once it was established. The author quotes two amusing complaints from the fourteenth century: one, written early in the century, complains that children were not learning English because they were forced to speak French in school; the other, written late in the century, says that all of this is changed, that children are now taught in English but in consequence, "know no more French than their left heel."

Professor Brook's book is short—a little over 200 legible pages. This has the advantage of not frightening off the common reader, who would probably shy away from the 600 or so closely-printed pages that the subject usually seems to require. But a short book on a subject as abstruse as the history of the language, embracing phonology, spelling, accidence, syntax, and semantics, must be either superficial or compact. This one is compact and, as a result, is not always easy reading. It has to be studied. Each point that is made must be understood and remembered. It is worth studying, but there is no use thinking one can acquire in a few easy hours what others have mastered only by years of work.

A note of warning—which is certainly not intended as a note of discouragement or disparagement: this book is written by an Englishman, and by contemporary English he means the Queen's English, not the variety of English spoken in America. For example: on page 86 he offers the word *clerk* as an example of the vowel sound we have in *parson*; on page 82 he apparently offers *postman* as an example of a silent *t*, and on page 92 he offers *half* and *calf* as examples of the sound we have in *calm*. Similarly, on page 22 he defends the use of *different to* but does not mention *different than*.

These are not defects. From the point of view of a thousand-year history, the difference between contemporary British and American usage is insignificant. And Brook always makes his point clear. If the reader has been following him carefully, he will realize that these pronunciations are not the American pronunciations and that such a construction as *different to* is unfamiliar. The alertness this demands is probably a good thing and when it is aroused may make this book more valuable than one in which no such differences occur. But the reader can't afford to doze or to assume that something is true merely because a learned and conscientious writer says it is.

The reward for the effort will be a heightened consciousness of thought in speech and, perhaps, a fascinating new field of interest.

**FRASER YOUNG'S**
**LITERARY CRYPT NO. 786**

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 786 will be found in the next issue.*

BA AFW MZA TFAME, XB

XE EHGWLYOHAHE BA

PXKW NUKXSW: BA AFW

MZA UAWE FAB TFAM, XB

XE XFEHYYXSXWFB.

EWFWSN.

*Answer to Literary Crypt No. 785*

It is better to give than to lend, and it costs about the same.

—PHILIP GIBBS.

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# In the Direction of Sanity

ON THE second floor of a small walk-up apartment in London, overlooking the Thames River, I had a chance to chat with Bertrand Russell. He was surrounded with papers, letters, and documents relating to the one matter that commands his dominant attention and concern these days—the danger of nuclear war. It was on the eve of his eighty-sixth birthday, but he had lost none of the alertness or intellectual agility that had so impressed me when we had met in the United States almost fifteen years earlier.

Lord Russell escorted me to the narrow balcony facing the Thames and pointed out some of the sites in the surrounding area. He spoke of the color of the sky and water at dusk in terms that were none the less poetic because of the reserve in which his appreciation was phrased. Then we came into his workroom and spoke about the movements in the United States and Great Britain aimed at creating policies adequate to cope with modern weapons and modern totalitarianism.

This led me to say that I had been troubled by reports reaching the United States; he had been quoted by several interviewers as having advocated surrender to the Soviet Union in order to avert nuclear war. I told Lord Russell I had been deeply distressed at these reports and indeed had been in the unhappy position of having to disagree with him editorially in *The Saturday Review*. Many Americans shared his apprehensions over the effects and implications of continued nuclear testing and on the danger of nuclear war in general. But we did not believe it was necessary to turn in our freedoms or our values in order to meet the challenge. And we condemned the opposite view; namely, that the only way to meet the threat was through preventive war.

Lord Russell smiled as I spoke.

"There's still no difference between us," he said. "I have never believed and I do not now believe that capitulation is the only way out. Recently some commentators from the United States came to interview me. They felt my position on nuclear testing was inimical to the interests of the West. I responded by making the case that the West could not survive except through a workable system of control over nuclear weapons, for the West is totally vulnerable to atomic attack and, if war came, the West would disappear as a force in history, assuming of course that anything would be left at all anywhere.

"At any rate, my interviewers continued to force the issue. Finally, one of them put the question to me in its most extreme form; namely, if I were convinced that the only way of averting worldwide nuclear extermination would be by surrendering to the Russians, what would I do?"

Lord Russell interrupted himself at this point to light up his pipe.

"I replied to the interviewers," he resumed, "that I did not believe that these alternatives were the only ones before the world, therefore it did not seem to me that any answer I might give would be a useful one. But my interrogators continued to press me on this: how would I answer the question theoretically, they demanded.

"Theoretically, I replied, if I were convinced that the only way of avoiding a war of extermination would be through surrender to Communism or to anyone else, then under those terms I would be obligated to prefer surrender. Not that life would not be oppressive under totalitarianism; it would be. And it would be foolish to expect that the oppression would be lifted until after many years. But the important thing is that human life would continue and with it the hope that man eventually might be able to restore some measure of his values and his good sense. In this context, therefore, my choice was not a difficult one. Human survival is the real issue and the higher value. Without people, you have neither freedom nor the hope of freedom. I believe in both.

"The alternatives before the world today are neither preventive nuclear war nor capitulation," Lord Russell continued. "We still have a chance to apply sanity to our problem in a way that very possibly might preserve the peace and keep our freedoms. But a policy based on the illusion of security through nuclear supremacy is unworkable. The only security is through a plan of control over nuclear weapons and, eventually we hope, over the causes of war itself."

I put a question to him that had come up time and again in the U. S.

"Don't people ask how you propose to get the agreement of the Soviet Union to such propositions?" I inquired.

"Certainly," he said. "They put it much more severely than that. They remember that I advocated a policy of toughness toward the Soviet Union at the end of the Second World War. Now they want to know whether I've gone soft and why I've changed my mind.

"And I tell them that any man who doesn't change his mind in the light of changed conditions is an idiot. Profound changes *have* taken place. Apart from the changes of personnel and policy in the Soviet Union, we have the great changes in the world itself, the biggest of which is the change in the nature of warfare. To advocate a policy based on the feasibility or the eventuality of war is to advocate extermination.

"The big question, therefore, is to find out whether it is possible, in the interests of mutual survival, to come to any agreements with the Russians in the nuclear field. I think we ought to begin with nuclear testing, not only because of the demonstrated danger of nuclear testing but because the Russians have said they would agree to a cessation with inspection and safeguard. For us to refuse to pursue this possibility makes no sense. Naturally, we do not have 100 per cent certainty or safety in any course of action we may take. But it helps when one moves in the direction of sanity. It helps more than a little."

—N. C.

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### REVULSION TOO MILD

LAST NIGHT, after I'd read "Dialogue in Warsaw" (*SR* June 21), I couldn't sleep. I can't, and I'm sure I don't need to try to convey to you my thoughts. I don't know of a word in the English language which could adequately express the horror all people everywhere should feel. The word you used, revulsion, is much too mild. I'm a working girl and don't have much money—not nearly enough to support all the causes I'd like to—but is there something I can do in this instance?

MRS. DORIS FLEISCHER.

Denver, Colo.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Individuals can help in a number of specific ways:*

1) **Funds.** *Checks should be addressed to the Hiroshima Peace Center Associates, which consists of American volunteers who carried out the Hiroshima Maidens project. The HPCA will also undertake the project in behalf of the Ravensbrueck Lapins. HPCA has tax-exempt status.*

2) **Clothing.** *Clothes in good condition should be sent to Miss Rollene Waterman at* The Saturday Review, *25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y. If possible, please send sums adequate to cover shipping charges and import duties. (Ten dollars per package should be more than adequate.)*

3) **Correspondence.** *Readers who would like to maintain correspondence with the Ravensbrueck Lapins should send their names to Sallie Lou Parker at* The Saturday Review.

4) **Medicines.** *Readers who want to contribute medicines should write to Miss Caroline Ferriday at* The Saturday Review *in order to obtain specifications for individual requirements.*

### GERMAN TRANSLATION

A CIRCULATION of N.C.'s article, and possibly a translation (particularly into German), for Europeans should be contemplated, as the contents may act as an emotional laxative for those elements who are the first to cry out that he is exaggerating, that he is lying, and that he engages in "enemy propaganda" (from the German point of view). I, for one, have sent my copy at once to a friend of mine in Germany, who is a psychiatrist. I have requested him to play a "round-robin" letter with it.

HANS A. ILLING, Ph.D.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

### OBERHEUSER HISTORY

THE ONE German name that appears most frequently in N.C.'s report is that of Dr. Herta Oberheuser [one of the doctors who performed experiments on human beings.] Dr. Oberheuser's case is a newsworthy, in some ways symptomatic and —for that reason—disquieting one.

If memory serves, she was sentenced to several years' imprisonment, then released from the Allied war-crimes prison ahead of time because of "good behavior." At any rate, she has been at liberty for a considerable number of years now and chose to settle in West Germany's northernmost state, Schleswig-Holstein. The climate of opinion she encountered there, in one of the most hard-ribbedly chauvinistic areas of Germany, encouraged her to seek re-admission to medical practice. Her application was endorsed and supported (this is far more upsetting and reprehensible than her own effrontery) by the local and State Medical Association, as well as by Schleswig-Holstein's Ministry of the Interior.

Her petition was promptly granted and she served, for a time, on the staff of a church-run hospital. Years later this came to light, and some of the militantly democratic dailies and periodicals in cities such as Frankfurt raised an outcry. In the end, Dr. Oberheuser was released from the hospital staff, but had no difficulty in being approved as G.P. in a small Schleswig-Holstein town. She was even given the right of treating patients affiliated with the various sickness-insurance funds, a privilege for which most newly-established G.P.'s have to wait many years.

PAUL W. FREEDMAN.

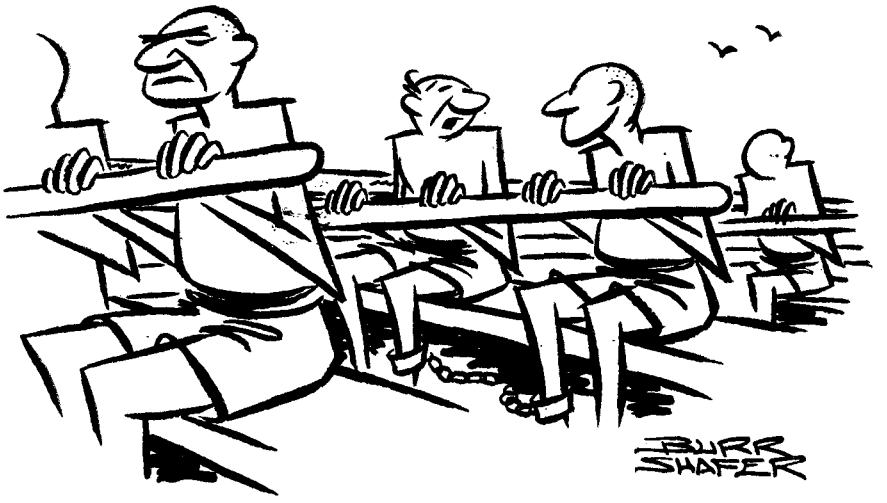
New York, N. Y.

### ASSUAGING THE GUILT

*SR* DOES NOT mention whether a request is being or will be made for funds to help these women, but it seems to me that in writing such an article N.C. must also bear the responsibility of in some measure helping his readers to assuage their resulting guilt feelings. I therefore hope that you will accept the enclosed check [$100] and add it to the fund of money being used to help the Ravensbrueck ladies.

ROBERT R. WORTH.

Champaign, Ill.




THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"No, I didn't commit any crime—they just gave me an aptitude test."

### NOT SO SMALL

PLEASE ACCEPT a small contribution [$10] for the Ravensbrueck Lapins. There will be more later.

BILL AND MARY FIRMIN.

Clifton, N. J.

### URGENT TASK

PLEASE ADD the enclosed small check [$25] to whatever fund your committee may start for the help which must be given to the Lapins. To say that we knew nothing of the plight of these women is no excuse; it only makes the task of helping them more urgent.

HENRIETTA GARDNER.

Bethesda, Md.

### CLOTHING DONATIONS

I WOULD LIKE very much to help these ladies in my own small way. N. C. mentioned donations of clothing. Would *SR* please supply me with an address to which such packages could be sent?

MRS. JOHANNA SONNENFELD.

East Lansing, Mich.

### COMMON RESPONSIBILITY

N.C. DID NOT appeal for funds for whatever assistance may be rendered these terribly wronged people. Will you please accept this small gift [$10] to assist in the plans to aid them?

PHILIP T. MEYERS.

Austin, Tex.

### CORRESPONDING

ALTHOUGH I am not able to make any substantial financial contributions, I should like very much to volunteer moral support by corresponding with one or more of them, and by finding others who may wish to correspond.

GERTRUDE E. CHITTENDEN.

Lincoln, Neb.

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## SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

# White Hunters, White Hearts

IF SOMERSET MAUGHAM were still writing stories or worked for motion pictures, he might easily have come up with something like "The Naked Earth," described by Twentieth Century-Fox as "a story set in the dawn of Christian civilization in primitive Central Africa in 1894." Actually it is a story of a young Irishman who comes to Africa to make a fortune growing tobacco, learns how to hunt crocodiles instead, and eventually stays on, accompanied by a former Marseilles prostitute he has fortuitously discovered in the heart of the bush country. Luckily, the tale has a distinct Maugham touch: it was written by an Englishman, Milton Holmes, directed appreciatively by Vincent Sherman, and played with great spirit and charm by Richard Todd, Juliette Greco, and Finlay Currie.

I must frankly admit that I can't find very much wrong with the picture. Perhaps Miss Greco is dressed a little too revealingly at times, even for hot Central Africa, but this somehow only makes it funnier when she dresses up in proper 1894 costume for the marriage ceremony the local missionary gently insists upon. But once you accept the proposition that such an earthily attractive girl would have wandered that far afield from Marseilles it is pleasant and intriguing to watch the relationship developing between the wearily bitter French girl and the almost annoyingly cheerful Irishman.

Miss Greco, the girl who first helped publicize Existentialism, then turned into a chanteuse and actress, is a fine new addition to today's rather barren star roster. She was cast as a prostitute in "The Sun Also Rises," as a former prostitute in this picture, and as an equally seedy creature in her next, "The Roots of Heaven," in which she will continue her African adventures. Maybe eventually she will demonstrate more range; meanwhile she's fascinating to watch as she is.

* * *

As of the moment, a sizable proportion of Hollywood's pictures are being made anywhere but in Hollywood. What actually drives producers and directors so far afield as recently occurred in the case of "The Roots of Heaven," a film shot in Africa? Darryl F. Zanuck, the producer, found virgin movie territory when he journeyed with a cast and crew of 120 persons into the Lake Tchad area of French Equatorial Africa. It had previously been explored (after Stanley and Livingston) only by intrepid and dedicated adventurers with 16mm cameras. The ten weeks of shooting took the company right into the hot season (140 degrees in the shade at times); the CinemaScope color film was kept from melting away by a special icing machine; the personnel were attacked by a great variety of visible and invisible bugs; a couple of dogs and mad Americans went temporarily off their rockers from the heat.

Such sacrifices have been made in the cause of a Romain Gary story about a man, Morel, who makes it his personal business to see that elephants will not be wiped from the face of the earth by hunters. M. Gary's novel won many honors for its author; and Mr. Zanuck obviously has great respect for the material he is using. But the conditions of the industry today seem to demand extraordinary efforts on behalf of the more pretentious film projects. Hollywood's capacious and comfortable studios are being avoided in favor of far more stringent circumstances. There is a current belief among movie people that the more authentic the locale the more it adds to the economic potential of the picture.

What also seems to be occurring is an internationalizing of the business. There is now an as yet unacknowledged but a fairly clear-cut merger between the American and British movie interests. There is increasing cooperation between these two large groups and the somewhat smaller French and Italian interests. It has thus become economically feasible to mount what might otherwise have been killingly expensive expeditions in search of authenticity. "The Roots of Heaven" is a virtually three-way co-production: American, British, and French. Its financing is international; similarly the cast (Trevor Howard and Herbert Lom, British; Errol Flynn, Orson Welles, Eddie Albert, American; Juliette Greco, French) and the crew. Mr. Huston, while now landed Irish gentry in his personal life, is American; his assistants are either British or French. The theme, all hope, is universal.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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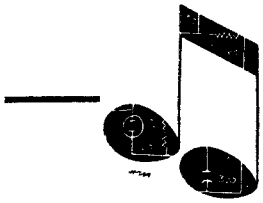

## MUSIC TO MY EARS

### Youth Band from Europe

NEWPORT, R. I.

WHEN it was announced some weeks ago that Marshall Brown and George Wein of the Newport Festival Board had left with a $30,000 budget to recruit a jazz orchestra from as many different European countries as possible, the billing was the International Youth Band, and the implication was that they would come back with youngsters—a kind of continental version of the band Brown had brought from Farmingdale High School to Newport last year. But it soon became clear that, with the exception of George Gruntz, a pianist from Switzerland, he was bringing professionals, several already known here by reputation and even through recordings.

Roger Guerin, for example, is trumpet soloist with André Hodeir's Jazz Group de Paris. Trombonist Christian Kellens leads his own ensemble in Belgium and has been in several European jazz bands. Hans Solomon, an Austrian alto saxophonist, is a protege of Friedrich Gulda. Yugoslav trumpeter Dusko Gojkovic had jammed after hours in Frankfurt with Miles Davis. Trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff wins jazz polls regularly in Germany. Palle Bolvig's trumpet has been heard on many recordings from Copenhagen. And Ronnie Ross, the British baritone saxophonist and probably the band's most original soloist, already has a strong reputation among his American jazzmen colleagues.

On stage, Kellens proved to have an elegant handle-bar mustache. Bolvig's face reflected the seriousness of his position as section leader—"Bill Russo, he write very hard for brass," he said in careful English. One might attribute the shy quietness of tenor saxophonist Berent Rosengren to a Swedish upbringing or to his nineteen years. Once he had approached the microphone with small steps and an apprehensive look, he stood very still and out of his instrument came choruses reflecting the hard, shouting sounds of Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane. On the other hand, Dutch bassist Rudolf Jacobs played as retiringly as he looked, as did guitarist Gabor Szobo, a refugee of the Hungarian uprising now studying at the Berklee School in Boston. The burden in the rhythm section was largely left to Italian drummer Gilberto Cuppini, who met the task with an infectious and winning extroversion.

The third member of a trombone section, which seemed better individually than as a group, was Kurt Jarnberg from Sweden who will return here to study at the Berklee School in Boston after the band appears at the Brussels Fair. The fourth, Eric Kleinschuster, lives in Vienna.

The suavely dignified appearance of Portugese trumpeter Jose Manuel Magalhais was almost given the lie by the energetic and witty rhythmic conception in his solos. The other reed men were Jan Wroblewski of Poland, who had learned jazz tenor saxophone by diligent listening to the Voice of America broadcasts, and Wladimiro Bas Fabache of Bilbao, Spain.

Bobbing like a rather un-swinging jumping jack, Marshall Brown energetically conducted his men through nine numbers, the first and last of which were medium tempo blues in the swing style of the late thirties and each of which showed the improvisational talents of several men. What Brown referred to as "the major works" were "The Pentatonic Man" by Jimmy Giuffre, "Newport Suite" by Russo, and John La Porta's "Jazz Concerto for Alto Saxophone," done for guest soloist Andy Marsala who had been featured with the Farmingdale band last year. These pieces demanded professionalism and but a minimum of creativity from the group. The rest of the predominantly "mainstream" book was done largely by Brown, Adolph Sandole, and La Porta.

The band did play as a group, and the members even did some delightful, spontaneous things behind soloists and in ensemble. It had a style and did not sound alternately like this, that and the other American group. But this style was strongly imposed from without and clearly came from the work of Marshall Brown during two weeks of rehearsal. The point he reiterated about the wide appeal and spread of the jazz language, the one tongue in which all these men were clearly speaking with each other (few were able to make verbal contact of any consequence), might have been made better if several of the groups with which so many of them work regularly in Europe had been brought over to play their own arrangements and conceptions. As it was, already skilled professionals had, in a way, been sent back to school.

OTHERWISE, Newport this year seemed to be taking on the atmosphere of a political convention; the best things were being done in caucus and in the smoked-filled rooms: at the excellent morning sessions on the origin of the blues and the history of jazz dancing; at the relaxed afternoon concerts, when several groups performed with a spirit that jazzmen are not supposed to achieve before two A.M.; and in late night jam sessions around the city. The events "on the floor," the evening concerts, with loudly huckstering beer and hot dog sellers, popping flash bulbs, questionably planned and gimmicky "reunions" and re-creations, and musicians heavily pressured to perform new works and get on and off in rapid succession, made the talk one heard of "circus" and "carnival" seem almost inevitable. At any rate, an atmosphere had been created which hardly seemed encouraging or even sympathetic to the performers. The festival, in short, may have been disturbing to someone who wanted to play or hear jazz, but it was a publicity man's dream.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

—*Vogl.*

BRASS TEAM OF INTERNATIONAL YOUTH JAZZ BAND: (left to right) Roger Guerin (France), Palle Bolvig (Denmark), Josef Manuel Magalhais (Portugal), and Dusko Gojkovic (Yugoslavia).

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TV AND RADIO

## The Hard Teach in Oklahoma

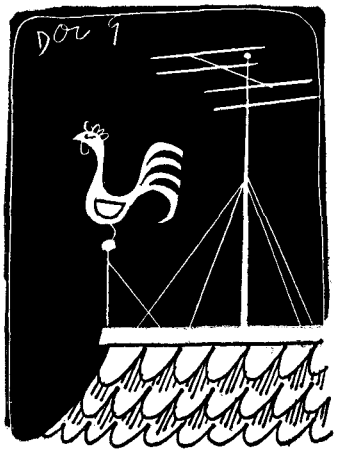
PARENTS of school-age children especially will be interested in a summer vacation TV series recently concluded by the Oklahoma City Public Schools. KETA-TV, the local educational station, offered two hours of continue-to-learn-during-the-holiday-programs every weekday, every morning, for six weeks. Four thirty-minute telecasts were aired consecutively, aimed at third and fourth-grade youngsters and their parents, who had indicated their willingness to watch and work together during telecast time. Reading Skill Improvement, Conversational French, Spanish, and Russian were the subjects taught. The TV teachers of the first three courses are all experienced in public-school work; the fourth teacher is a Professor of Russian in the Modern Languages Department at the University of Oklahoma.

The KETA summer venture may well have been the first summer TV teaching for elementary grades in this country. I suspect that it represents our first effort to teach Russian on TV at any level. Melvin W. Barnes, Superintendent of Oklahoma City Public Schools, and his associates expect, at best, to stimulate interest in the Russian language. The project has many lively facets; one of them is a sharp aspect of the abiding but currently turbulent controversy in education over how to teach. Teachers of Russian don't grow on oil wells in Soonerland. The TV station was fortunate to find M. George Harjan close by, at the University of Oklahoma at Norman. But Mr. Harjan was educated in the Soviet Union and at the University of California for a strictly academic career. By training and choice he has little truck with notions in education which stress the motivation of a child's interest in the learning process.

The professor began his teleclass with a few historical facts about the Russian language, and then, pointer in hand, he proceeded to teach the Russian alphabet to an on-camera child, one letter at a time: "Pronounce after me, A-ah, B-ba, G-Ga, it is not very difficult, as you may see . . ." Mrs. Sally Augustine, who taught the Reading Skill program, on the other hand, was unquestionably an heir to the tradition leading in a long line from Rousseau through Pestalozzi and Froebel to Dewey and Kilpatrick. She set out, in thirty minutes, to teach the *wh*, *ch*, and *sh* blends; but she started with a live horned lizard, fresh captured that very morning, on camera. Questions about what he eats, why he puffs up, and is he related to the frog led to looking in a book for the answers. The questions and answers were then written on the blackboard; the consonant blends were identified with word; and the teacher illustrated by lip-puffs how to check if the blends were being sounded correctly. The "game" was concluded with a suggestion that a list of books read be kept during the summer, a certificate to be awarded for twenty-five books or more.

It would be absurd to judge the merits of the "subject-centered" vs. the "child-centered" approaches to teaching on the basis of a single introductory parallel demonstration. No results will be measured in Oklahoma. I note, however, reacting purely as a TV viewer, that the professor lost this adult's attention after the first nine minutes; the lady with the lizard, on the other hand, charmed me to the end. Were there gifted children among the Oklahoma watchers who galloped along agreeably with the Russian schoolmaster's "hard teach"? We'll never know. Immensely instructive, nevertheless, was this dual demonstration for all to see. Here, indeed, was a true "object lesson" in teaching techniques. Whatever Oklahoma parents may have picked up of the tongues taught on KETA-TV, they surely observed what some of the fuss in education is all about. The next step for the educational broadcasters is directly to teach parents about teaching children and explaining by showing teaching methods on the air.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.



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## BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

### Sherry and Seville

SEVILLE.

WITH a beret, short pants, long socks, and a rifle, a single British soldier guards the entrance (and the landside exit) to Gibraltar. The Rock stands firm behind him, a symbol of the durability of the British Empire or of the Prudential Life Insurance Company, I'm not sure which. Under its shadow pass the sleepy donkey carts and the slick cars recently debarked from ships in from the States. Both cross into La Linea de la Concepçion, that dusty village from which the Spaniards have launched the centuries-old pressures to shake from Britain its calloused *pied à terre* that stands across from Africa like a turnstile at the entrance to the Mediterranean.

But the British outpost, and the Spanish designs upon it, are left behind by all except the most politically-minded traveler in the tumultuous color of Andalusia. Aside from the eye-squinting, unrelenting white of the houses, there are the bulls and the bodegas. The bulls, glistening and black, fatten and grow strong (and presumably brave) on the roadside ranches against a furious end on some luckless Sunday afternoon. As for the bodegas, they are the sherry distilleries, and they cluster in the town of Jerez, their long lines of wooden casks filled with a reservoir of Spanish booze that will spread transitory sunshine to parlors around the world.

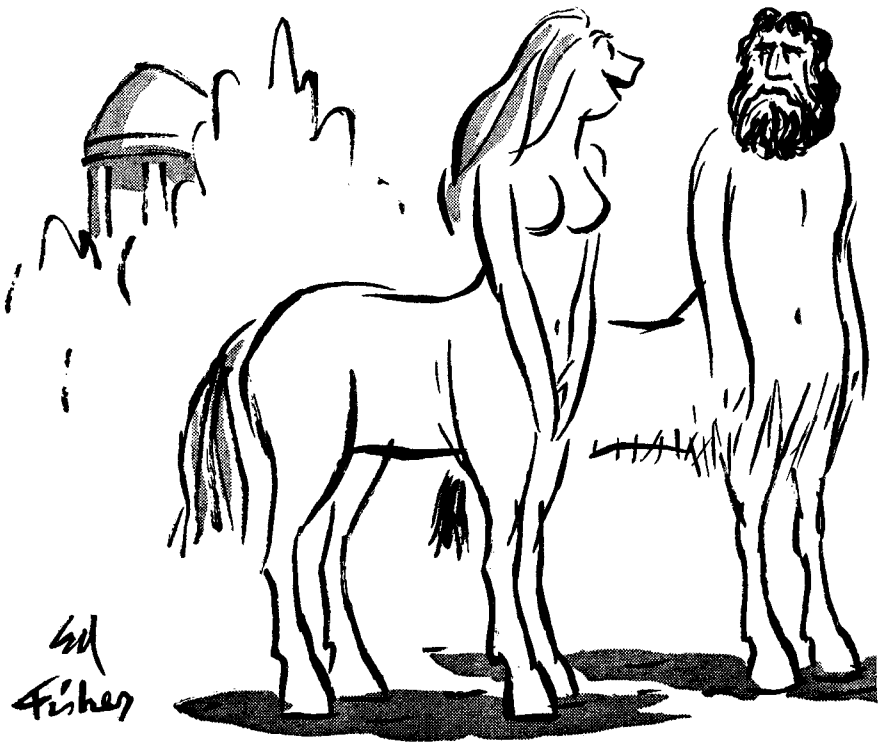
Nearly all of the planet's sherry is made in the town of Jerez, a metropolis of 100,000 winos who dote on flamenco, Spanish art, and the artful ways of producing sherry. Its former spelling, Xerez, wherein the Spanish *x* is pronounced like *sh*, probably accounts for the English name. The reason sherry is mainly made in Jerez are the chemicals in its soil, its fairly dry climate, and the tonic effect on the grapes of its nearness to the sea—ten miles.

When the season's grapes come in, a Feast of the Vintage is held in Jerez—fiestas in Spain have been staged for slimmer reasons—early in summer. The grapes are blessed in front of the cathedral and homing pigeons are released to fly all over the continent to announce that a new sherry has been born. Whether it derives from inhaling the local stuff or whether it is an inbred geniality is not clear to me, but the whole business of making a bottle of sherry out of a bunch of grapes seems to be surrounded by an air of amiability in Jerez. In the Misa plant, for instance, there are colorful tableaus placed every now and then to relieve the monotony of the casks drawn up at parade rest. These little scenes depict a notion of what the world was about (galley slaves and enforced maritime servitude for penniless citizens) when sherry was already in flower; or perhaps they will show, in three dimensional figures, how sherry is harvested and manufactured. Sherry, a sherry-filled cicerone informed me, continues to breed in the vat, but vintage doesn't mean a thing. As a matter of fact, bottling it doesn't do it any good at all, and light sherries tend to worsen in glass.

Flowerpots and gardens brighten almost all the bodegas and Misa goes everybody else one or two better by keeping on hand a squad of storks who promenade up and down the company streets, a platoon of ducks who keep house in a pond in the company's park, and a pair of alligators. These toothy lads, are, happily, kept caged, but on view, where they sleep most of the time and answer the hissing signals of the plant manager, a Spanish chap named Jose Pan Ferguson, with a hiss and a chomping of the jaws. I'm not so sure they do not consider him, for all his suavity, a Captain Hook in mufti.

The high point of any plant tour in Jerez is the tasting room, where all sorts of bottles are trotted out—light sherries brewed as aperitifs, dark sweet sherries meant for after-dinner drinking. On the rack are blue glasses for "blind tasting," and frequently there are high colors too for blind tasters. Before reason vanished I did manage to copy, I presume verbatim, a quotation of Shakespeare on the subject, in which he insisted that sherry "dries up all the foolish, dull, and cruddy vapors environing the brain, illumineth the face and impels the heart to deeds of courage."

IT was with just such an illuminated face that I was endowed with enough courage to tell the driver to push on towards Seville. Rain clouds glowered in what I had been assured was sunny Spain, but there was refuge in Seville's Alfonso XIII, a hotel that is a mass of tiles and fountains, of terrazzo floors and potted plants, brimming with suggestions of the Moors who occupied the city for over 500 years. Although a stay at the Alfonso XIII, which was built for a Spanish-American exposition many years ago, is rather like sojourning inside a seraglio, there is no disappointment in a visit to the




**"Darling, the village blacksmith is having a sale . . ."**

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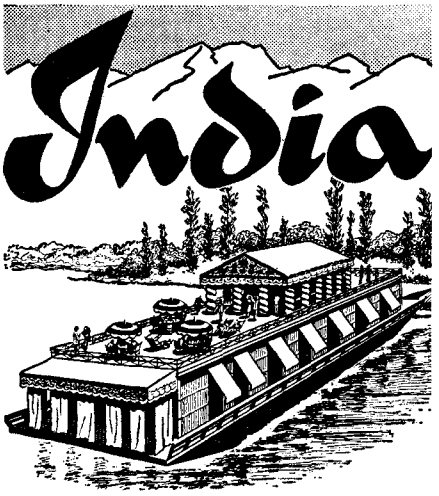


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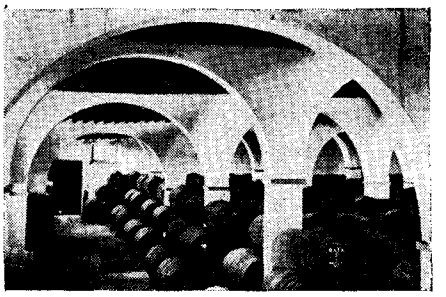
Alcazar, built by the Moors both as a palace and a fortress. Spanish rulers, in residence or on tour, have occupied the Alcazar from Ferdinand III in 1248 to Franco today. It was a particular favorite of Charles V of Ghent who was a tenant from the years 1515 to 1558.

Isabella and Ferdinand, who will be remembered as the pair who dispatched Columbus westward to discover the Dominican Republic, fabled nesting place of soldiers and patriots, worshiped in a marvelous chapel of tiles which they had built for them by an Italian artisan. Among the tiles is one showing the clutch of arrows later adopted by the Falange. When in town Franco dines under the crystal chandeliers, cloistered by the faded tapestries of the banquet hall. From a balcony one can look across to the Alcazar's Hall of Ambassadors. From floor to balcony the hall is flecked with the gold installed by the Moorish landlords. Curved Arabian arches form the doorways, and up above are the lattice windows through which unseen dark eyes could watch the proceedings in the man's world below.

When Charles arrived he added four balconies in Renaissance style supported by Austrian eagles. Philip, the Duke of Anjou, the first Bourbon prince in Spain, added some gilded Gothic arches as well as the portraits of all the Visigothic kings who had passed through Spain. Peter the Just, also known among members of the loyal opposition as Peter the Cruel, had a bedroom walled from floor to ceiling with a mass of Moorish carvings. Its current furniture includes a ladies' make-up table and companion piece of solid silver with marble tops, a gift to Isabella II from the Sultan of Morocco.

Isabella II herself sits in a miniature family group sculpted in silver. At her side is her consort, Francisco, Isabel her daughter, Alfonso as a boy of perhaps ten, and his two baby



A *bodega*—"the sea's tonic effect."

sisters, Paz and Aulalia. Last of the group, Aulalia, died this spring at Irun. She was ninety-four.

Seville's other monument, not counting the tobacco factory where Carmen toiled, is its cathedral, the largest in Spain, the second largest in the world, and the only one in memory to charge admission (twenty cents). When Seville was taken by the Spaniards in 1248 the new inhabitants used the Moorish mosque that occupied this very site. The mosque was razed at the outset of the fifteenth century and work on the cathedral was begun in 1403. It was finished 103 years later.

FERDINAND III, who conquered the Moors and took the city, is buried in front of the altar in the Royal Chapel. He reposes in an elaborate silver casket made for him many years later by Philip V. The bishop holds conferences twice a month in an oval chapel room, so shaped that everyone can look at everyone else. Looking down on the canons and priests is a painting of the Immaculate Conception by Murillo, imbedded in the domed ceiling. Looking down, too, is a decorative ring of portraits of the patron saints of Seville.

No less awesome is the 600-pound, nine-foot-high solid silver Custodia made in 1582, which is used to hold the Sacrament on Corpus Christi Day. The first Custodia, made by the same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artist when he was twenty-one, was sent to the current Brussels Exposition, insured for 25 million pesetas. Among the church's other treasures is a large plate by Cellini, the emerald and diamond rings of Anillo Cardinal Spinola y Maestre, who preceded the famed, ultra-conservative late Cardinal Segura. Across the hall is a silver Custodia crusted with elaborate roses and figures, holding in its center a thorn from Christ's crown, donated by the daughter of Philip II. Also on hand is a *relicario* of gold, emeralds, and rubies containing a piece of wood from the table of the Last Supper, a piece of St. Peter's bone, a gold cross holding a wooden cross made from the true cross, and a lifelike wooden carving of the head of St. John the Baptist reposing on a silver platter.

For Americans, perhaps the most imposing sight is the tomb of Columbus. His alleged bones are sealed in a casket which is borne by four giant figures, each of which represents one of the four kingdoms of Spain—Leon, Castille, Aragon, and Navarre. A mammoth monument in bronze, it was, according to my official guide, brought from Cuba in 1899 after the Spanish-American War and placed upon its platform in the Seville Cathedral. If memory serves, the official guides of Havana are extracting Batista bucks for telling Norteamericanos that Columbus is still in Cuba. And years ago, after doubting in print the Dominican party line which insists that Colon is really in Ciudad Trujillo, I found myself in receipt of a brief prepared by a stateside public-relations firm that was only a few pages shorter than "Anthony Adverse." It showed that there wasn't a scintilla of evidence to prove that Colon's remains were anywhere else but in Santo Domingo. Although gambling is illegal in Spain, I suspect some Latin somewhere has been rolling the bones.

—Horace Sutton.


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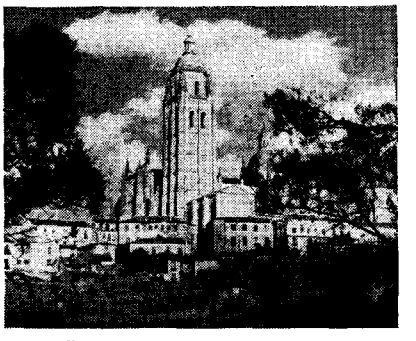

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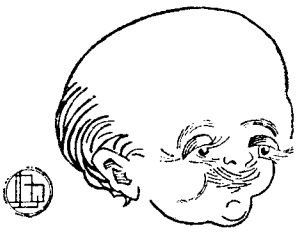

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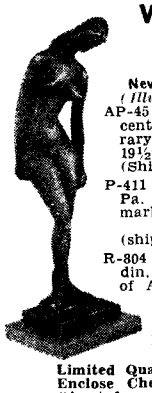

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# Literary Horizons

*Continued from page 22*

when he turned away from the slums. He did not indulge in nostalgia for the Middle Ages, but he realized how much of what he loved in Europe could be traced back to feudalism.

Yet his attitude towards American civilization at the turn of the century was anything but condescending. He was looking, he knew, at "a new and incalculable thing," and it commanded his respectful attention if not his unqualified admiration. If he could not foresee the extent to which developments in the United States would eventually change the face of Europe, he did recognize that there was an extraordinary force at work, and he used all the resources of his imagination to grapple with it.

The pertinence of many of James's observations to the present state of American life is evidence of the power of his mind. In the conditions of the new well-to-do class of 1904 he found foreshadowed many of the conditions of our era of prosperity. Consider this, written more than fifty years ago:

> The upper sort—in the scale of wealth, the only scale now—can to their hearts' content build their own castles and move by their own motors; the lower sort, masters of gain in *their* degree, can profit, also to their hearts' content, by the enormous extension of those material facilities which may be gregariously enjoyed; they are able to rush about, as never under the sun before, in promiscuous packs and hustled herds, while to the act of so rushing about all felicity and prosperity appear for them to have been comfortably reduced.

For the more reflective sort of person, he obviously felt, we were building a poor sort of society, but most people didn't care. "To make so much money that you won't, that you don't 'mind,' don't mind anything—that is, absolutely, I think, the main American formula." It would be foolish to suppose that James said the last word on American civilization of 1904, but what he said is, in 1958, still worth thinking about.

Taking the book from start to finish, one sees the travel essays as an integral and important part of James's career. On every page you feel the mind that wrote the great novels. James, more fully than anyone else I can think of, was a writer in every waking moment, always making the most of whatever he experienced. To travel with him rewards the senses and stretches the mind.

# Criminal Record

**NO BEAST SO FIERCE.** *By Charles Rushton. Roy.* $2.75. Insp. Cadman of Yard is called to Calcutta to break up murder-and-snatch mob (Americans included): chance for good local color missed, though many Indian words are lugged in; much bloodshed. Medium.

**THE MAN IN GRAY.** *By Frances Crane. Random House.* $2.95. Jean and Pat Abbott, SF eye team, look into death of ancient citizen; April 15th figures heavily; viticulture is discussed and baby sitter engaged; two more deaths ensue. So-so.

**CATCH AS CATCH CAN.** *By Frances and Richard Lockridge. Lippincott.* $2.95. Iowa gal seeking fortune in New York gets into deep trouble when roommate vanishes; lawyer in DA's office not too bright either; hide-and-seek, cat-and-mouse job. Slightly overdone.

**MATRIMONY MOST MURDEROUS.** *By Leslie Cargill. Roy.* $2.75. Edric Howarth (hates first name), ordered from London to Switzerland to cure nervous collapse, finds self saddled with declared wife in Belgium; complications arise when hero sees his ideal in second gal; return to London sets off chain of sudden deaths. *Opéra bouffe.*

**THE COLOR OF MURDER.** *By Julian Symons. Harper.* $2.95. London junior executive, coupled to unappealing wife, falls for comely librarian; murder puts him on spot; first half of yarn is defendant's psychiatric exam; second half, trial, verdict. Effective.

**TIME OFF FOR DEATH.** *By George Braddon. Roy.* $2.75. Mike Gaunt, British agent (wonder-boy type), tangles with screwball pacifist who litters trail with dead; real ball-and-chain treatment fails to hold hero; Yard and other agencies tag along. Superman stuff.

**MALICE IN WONDERLAND.** *By Rufus King. Crime Club.* $2.95. Eight short yarns, all laid in Florida, make up author's twenty-fifth book; Bill Duggan of sheriff's office featured, but other cops are active. Nice cluster of quickies. —SERGEANT CUFF.

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# What have you done for yourself lately?

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Maybe you should ask your librarian how you're managing your inheritance. It's the least you can do for yourself.

*This is a message from the American Book Publishers Council, Inc. on the occasion of the 77th Annual Conference of the American Library Association, San Francisco, July 13-19, 1958.*

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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1269

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

## DEFINITIONS

A. King Alfred's grandson who established himself as king over most of what is now England (10th cent.).

B. Japanese city almost half destroyed by atomic bomb, August 9, 1945.

C. Tractable.

D. Wholly done away with.

E. A rather pungent flavoring derived from the purple crocus.

F. One of a famous trio of baseball "Immortals."

G. Made one's way carefully through or between obstacles.

H. Force oneself, one's company or affairs unduly on others' attention.

I. The dreaded chilling wind of Texas.

J. What-d'ye-call-it.

K. Confident ambitions (2 wds.).

L. Delineate extravagantly.

M. A European curlew.

## WORDS

131 101 41 54 107 145 40 5 194

152 69 172 164 37 111 117 124

191 174 90 136 182 48 100 155

85 38 80 94 64 28 10 8 151

118 168 57 4 33 72 130

51 22 180 91 159

6 149 84 144 127 70 187 12

13 114 56 112 129 161 148

171 104 59 123 126 62 110

95 68 179 36 139 39 173 65 23 109

89 42 175 163 1 115 183 20 106

27 52 135 82 50 32 166 11 177 16

21 61 75 34 63 9 186 181

## DEFINITIONS

N. Lack of interest or feeling.

O. A person who never indulges in temporary enthusiasms.

P. Acc'g to Kipling one must go somewhere east of Suez to find it like the best (2 wds.).

Q. Rough with stiff hairs or spines.

R. Forgive; pardon sins.

S. Unequal conditions.

T. With great speed.

U. Having the iris of light color.

V. Fourth line of "A Woman's Last Word" (2 wds.; Robert Browning).

W. What Ross said Scotland could not be to them; only their grave (Macbeth).

X. Renounce with the solemnity of an oath.

Y. Proclaim orally, as a will; inscribe.

## WORDS

170 73 128 99 30 81 2 44 83 15 53 193

49 35 120 19 93 87 79 137 158 140

162 7 134 98 190 86 146 60

176 141 76 133 108 169

103 45 192 119 77

116 17 47 43

132 58 31 142 147 46 74 195 167

14 102 150 24 121 178

153 188 66 113 88 143 97 78 105

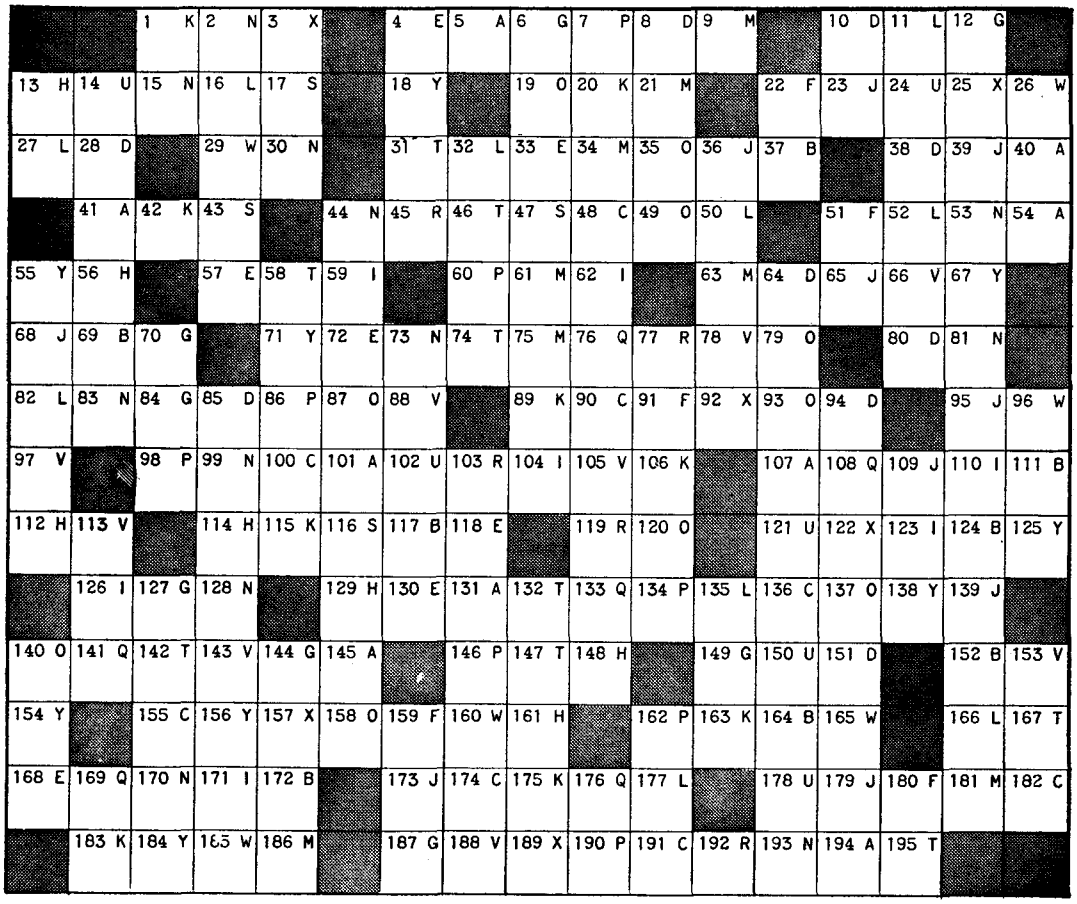
26 29 165 96 160 185

122 92 189 25 3 157

138 156 125 71 184 55 18 154 67

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.*




Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.



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OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, statesmen, scientists, military leaders, musicians, etc. Correspondence or single items bought and sold. Established 1887. Catalogue on request. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77 St., NYC 21, REgent 4-3902.

NEW FROM ENGLAND! Bookbinding kits for paperbacks. Make hard-cover volumes in minutes. Six bindings, $1.95. BIND-YOUR-OWN, Box E-877.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS DRAMA, GAY NINETIES, Spanish Toros, French Riviera, etc. Lists for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

RUN A SPARE-TIME Greeting Card and Gift Shop at home. Show friends samples of our new 1958 Christmas and All Occasion Greeting Cards and Gifts. Take their orders and earn to 100% profit. No experience necessary. Costs nothing to try. Write today for samples on approval. Regal Greetings, Dept. 94, Ferndale, Michigan.

MIDDLE EAST EMPLOYMENT sought by college graduate navy veteran WW. II. Age thirty. Six years teaching and public relations experience in Turkey. Speaks Turkish. Prefers position in Istanbul or Ankara. Available September '58. Only firms or organizations with first rate, bona fide commercial or cultural programs need answer advertisement. Reply Box E-878.

HERALDIC WOODCARVING — Arms individually sculptured, polychromed—L. H. Sellers, Radnor, Pa.

ANIMAL LOVERS. Exceptional opportunity to learn the publishing business. New pet publication being launched. Investment required. Locale NYC. Box F-202.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16. MUrray Hill 5-4280.

DISCOVER fine contemporary art, superb craftsmanship, imaginative gifts in newest gallery in oldest art center. Guild of Craftsmen, Woodstock, N. Y.

PURSE ORGANIZERS—Time and Temper Savers—$1.00. Sears, Roebuck stores.

CATS FOR ADOPTION. All sizes, all colors. Free. WAtkins 4-8493. (NYC).

VOYAGE UNDER SAIL: 100 ton Pilot schooner leave San Francisco Aug. '58 for Baltic Sept. '59 via West Indies and New England. Need six intelligent active young men & women. Send details and photos to Sterling Hayden, P. O. Box 655, Sausalito, Cal.

BLACK, ALTERED MALE CAT needs very own loving home. Box F-225.

*(Continued on page 46)*

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# CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 45)

## PERSONALS

ATTORNEY; some labor relations; M.A., government; desires part-time or free-lance administrative, editorial, research work; NYC area. Box F-257.

ALASKAN VETERAN, 25, Reed College, presently publicity wants job here, abroad. Box F-259.

DOLMETSCH RECORDERS, immediate delivery. Sopranos—$25; altos—$42. (ivory extra). Also, Moeck recorders Recorder Workshop, Box #33731, Coconut Grove, Florida.

WINTER IN FLORIDA. Tutor for small group of high school age. Preferably retired, experienced teacher. Box F-223.

TWENTY-FIVE popular, classical Ampico Rolls 1927-8. Best Offer. Box F-227.

DO YOU NEED a young educated business executive for a challenging position—administration—project development—liaison—public relations—involving world travel? Box F-228.

FEMALE, 30, knowledge typing, Spanish, seeks position traveling South America. Box F-231.

PENURIOUS PHD CANDIDATE (English) UC desires any position—Bay Area—to pay expenses after September 1. Interviews after August 27. Box F-234.

RETIRED COUPLE offer home living to lady in exchange for housekeeping help. Greenwich, Conn. Beach, auto privileges. Attractive. Box F-235.

WANTED: Strict governess for very spoiled only child. Full or part-time. Box F-236.

GIRL WANTS private room or share apartment, Paris or Rome, winter. Box F-237.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. Evelyn Waugh, with Gifford, Realtor, enjoys finding the right home for present and future Rochesterians. Box F-239.

RETIRED EDUCATOR accepts one or two paying guests weekends. Artistic home, park-like setting. Forty minutes N.Y. Box F-240.

AMBITIOUS, INDUSTRIOUS YOUNG WOMAN, 22, A.B. English, desires broadening, creative work with purpose, value and future. Box F-244.

YOUNG MOTHER READY TO TEACH AGAIN in New England. Experienced principal and teacher first to fourth grades finest private schools. Box F-245.

ENGLISH BACHELOR, 28, on Ivy League school staff, seeks car-owner going to Florida or Mexico now, returning August; share driving and expenses either way. Box F-247.

A SUSPENSE NOVEL about writers and writing—BREATHE NO MORE, MY LADY by Ed Lacy, winner of the award for "the best mystery of the year". On your newsstand now at 35¢—or send price listed plus 10¢ for mailing costs to: Avon Publications, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

SINE QUA NON of masculine shoe elegance—LEATHER LACINGS imported from Britain, black or brown, 3 pairs $1. Readers Service Bureau, Box 378 Astor Station, Boston, Massachusetts.

## PROPERTY FOR SALE

NORTHERN MAINE; Cape Cod house remodeled for permanent home. All modern conveniences; 150 acres. Woodland and meadow facing lake. Ideal for writer or retirement. Price $8,000. Box F-246.

CALIFORNIANS—Share ownership of cabin in Yosemite above valley floor for $1,000. No conflict in use schedule. Jeep attached. Divine spot. $400 this year, balance later. Box F-224.

## APARTMENTS FOR RENT

54TH STREET beautiful apartment to share, female, Circle 6-4444 (NYC).

## HOUSES AVAILABLE

### For Summer Rental

TWO GUEST HOUSES at one of Tidewater, Virginia's showplaces. Housekeeping facilities, air-conditioning, swimming pool, fishing and hunting in season. Preference given reservation requests with references. Willow Hill Plantation, Spring Grove, Virginia.

TWO LOVELY APARTMENTS, five rooms each, charming old Nantucket home, also one duplex studio, available through October. Mrs. Edward Sullivan, 22 Fair St., Nantucket, Mass. Call collect, Nantucket 1677, or Box F-250.

MAGNIFICENT MOUNTAIN COTTAGES 70 miles NYC. Mid towering pines and unbelievable scenery! New conveniences, fireplace, huge swiming pool, brook. $400 season. Box F-253.

REMODELLED BARN ON POOL—rural setting. Three single bedrooms, balcony, screened porch. $600 for rest of season. Adults preferred. South Salem (N.Y.) 3-3469.

LENOX, MASS.—Secluded cabin. Minutes from Tanglewood. Large living-sleeping room, kitchen, bath. Fireplace. Breathtaking view. $80 weekly. 6 weeks $420. Box F-255.

LAKE FAIRLEE, VERMONT, modern four-room cottage overlooking lake, fireplace—August. Box GMK, Ely, Vermont.

### For Sale

BEAUTIFUL FLORIDA HOME, newly built by owner, secluded, spacious, comfortable for couple, attractive park-like grounds, nearly one acre of sabal palms and Southern pines in charming community. Route 1, Box 770, Melbourne, Florida.

NEW HAMPSHIRE fine living—income, Xmas Trees Inn, Marlow, furnished-equipment, $31,500.

VERMONT—Two attractive, convenient houses—one in Danville village $8500, other summer getaway, back road, magnificent view $4500. Scudder Parker, Danville.

DUTCHESS COUNTY—A very special cottage in a cool green valley, with 18 wooded acres and lovely brook. Complete privacy. 4½ rooms, screened terrace, fireplace, gas heat, hot water, electricity, telephone. Furnished. 95 miles from New York. Owner moved to Jersey. Asking $9,900. Write Box F-249 or Phone Parkridge (NJ) 6-1632.

### For Rent

WANT TO GET AWAY FROM EVERYTHING? Fine year-around climate. Will rent guest house cheap. The Cottonwoods, Hondo, New Mexico.

## VACATIONS

TEPOZTLAN, a primitive Aztec village, off the beaten track, unspoiled by tourism. A climate incomparable, luxurious accommodations, excellent food, American management, reasonable rates. 20 minutes from Cuernavaca, 1½ hours from Mexico City. Free brochure. POSADA DEL TEPOZTECO, Tepoztlan, Morelos, Mexico.

TUILAUVENT, Maple Road, Brewster, N. Y. 9-8106. Friendly, informal home atmosphere. No planned activities. Relaxation, reading, painting, in beautiful countryside, 50 miles from N. Y. Ideal for weekends and vacations. Open all year. Attractive, sunny rooms. French cooking. Moderate rates.

SNOWVILLAGE LODGE, SNOWVILLE, N. H. Tel. Conway. HIckory 7-2818. The charming Swiss resort in the White Mountains. Nestled in pine woods 1,000 feet high. Own tennis. Swimming, fishing, boating. Excellent continental cuisine. Every room has private bath. AAA approved.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial home. Good food. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

SUMMER VACATIONS on farms and hotels welcoming children. Call LOrrain 8-0700 (NYC).

VACATION IN COTTAGE IN BERKSHIRES. 500 acres. Excellent food. The Fales, Williamstown, Mass.

OGUNQUIT. Famous vacation center. Late August is especially good because of warmer water, more sunshine, greater choice of accommodations. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

IDEAL LAKESIDE VACATIONING. Rustic Lodge, cottages, cabins; usual resort sports; Hi-Fi Patio concerts; deep woods; informal, congenial, moderate. Near Tanglewood, Pillow, jazz festival, CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Mass.

## VACATIONS

THE CLIFF HOUSE, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Me. Enjoy our salt tanged breezes. Ocean on three sides. Quiet, informal. Cocktail Lounge. All sports. Reasonable rates with or without meals. Booklet. Maurice Weare, Manager. WElls 791.

PEMAQUID SEMINAR: Stimulating and informal vacations for thinking people. Writing, reading, discussion. For 1958 pamphlet write: Box 386, Damariscotta, Maine.

KINAPIC LODGE, Lovell, Maine. Modern cabins, lake. American-Jewish Cuisine. Sports, beauty, HI-FI. $77 to $98 weekly. CL 2-4923 (NYC).

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills, Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lakes nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, Old Lyme, Conn. Open all year.

STONEGATE LODGE on Long Lake, N. Y. Charming resort estate. Concert trio. Sally Ray, folk, square, social dance leader. Crafts. All sports. Summer stock. CIrcle 6-6386 (NYC).

MAINE RESORT CAMP for all the family. Private island in Casco Bay. Seclusion, relaxation, receation, boat trips, fine food. Special children's rates. Booklet. CAMP EGGEMOGGIN, Box 27, Brunswick, Maine.

THE LOG HOUSE, THIRTEENTH LAKE, North River, New York. Altitude 2,100 feet. 600 acres midst Adirondack Forest Preserve. "We didn't think there was a place left like this!" Cottages, meals varied and best. The Tibbits.

SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Slightly famous. Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

WOODMONT LODGE, MILFORD, CONNECTICUT, swimming, breakfast only, Shakespearian Theater nearby.

PRIMITIVE MOUNTAIN CAMP, literary, basic conveniences, plain food, one person. Box F-229.

HARBOR HILL Cold Spring-on-Hudson, N.Y. Beauty. Peace. Good Food. Good Talk. Cold Spring 5-2174.

FRENCH LEAVE . . . "for your second honeymoon when you know what you want"—the Bahamas' newest and most talked about hotel—sits smack on a mile and a half of gorgeous pink beach. Spring, Summer and Fall are particularly delightful. Write French Leave, Governor's Harbour, Eleuthera, Bahamas.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE find relaxation in quiet Cape Cod seaport village. Beach, beautiful harbor view, shore drives. Summer theatres accessible. Rates from $10. A. P. Booklet. BREAKWATER HOTEL, Woods Hole, Massachusetts.

ROAD'S END, Lake Pleasant, Hamilton County, N.Y. Secluded and beautiful, directly on lake. Nature lovers' paradise. Open until late autumn. Reasonable. Modern conveniences. Write for booklet.

MEXICO CITY VACATION—Weekly accommodations. Cultured home atmosphere. Reasonable rates. Isabel Carbajal's, Rio Amoy, 17, Mexico 5, D.F., Mexico.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

MUSIC INN AT LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS. Close to Tanglewood and the Beaux Arts Trio. Adjacent to Music Barn and the Modern Jazz Quartet. Swimming, boating, bicycling, tennis, and the sound of silence too. Write Stephanie Barber.

TENNIS—CAPE COD. 5 Clay courts. Quiet area. Write: Hawthorne Bissell, Provincetown, Mass.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, Green Mountains, Manchester, Vermont. Charming Alpine chalet. Food for the discriminating. Rest for the weary. Inspiration for writers, artists. Folder.

WOODHOLME LODGE on Seventh Lake in the ADIRONDACKS. Home cooked meals served family style. American plan. $50 to $58 per week—$8.50 to $10 per day. Write R. W. Keough, Box S 357, Inlet, New York.

## TRAVEL

"THEY ARE 'OLD TIMERS' AT GOING TO N.Y. but think all the hotels too expensive. Still, they are accustomed to the best—so I have suggested Beekman Tower." (A letter from a Texas travel agent to the Beekman Tower Hotel, overlooking the United Nations at 49 St. and 1st Avenue, NYC 17.) Write for folder R.

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ANNOUNCING *SR's* SIXTH ANNUAL

# World Travel Photo Competition

**TWO GRAND PRIZES**

*for color winner:* **A TRIP TO THE ORIENT**

*for black-and-white winner:* **A TRIP TO PARIS**

**PLUS 21 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES**

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. The next Calendar, to appear January 10, 1959, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. The Grand Prize winner in color will be reproduced on the cover of the January 10th issue, while the Grand Prize winner in black-and-white will be featured prominently in the Calendar itself.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

**Norris Harkness**—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist, and leading authority on photography.

**Ivan Dmitri**—leading color and magazine photographer.

**Leopold Godowsky**—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now, either color or black-and-white.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1958.

**SR'S 1957 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS**

**Otto Lang** of Hollywood, California, 1957 winner of the grand prize for color. An enthusiastic amateur photographer for the past twenty years, Mr. Lang won a trip to Japan with his study of a blind beggar in Ceylon.

**Paul Affelder** of New York City, 1957 winner of the grand prize for black-and-white. His dramatic picture of a Mexican matador about to make his kill won for Mr. Affelder a trip to London.

**PHOTO AWARDS** →

*Saturday Review*

25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

## *Award Rules*

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review, members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1957, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

**3. Black-and-white photographs**

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints no larger than 8 x 10, unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name, age, and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No black and white prints from color transparencies will be accepted. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. No prints will be returned.

**4. Color photographs**

a. Original mounted color *transparencies* must be submitted (preferably mounted in metal or cardboard, not glass).

b. Color prints are not eligible.

c. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and should be written directly on each mount.

d. Color stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

e. Transparencies will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage.

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than six black-and-white prints and/or six color transparencies to this magazine's World Travel Photographic Awards Department. All pictures must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1958, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN TWELVE PICTURES, SIX IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner. Winning black-and-white pictures and color transparencies become the property of Saturday Review.

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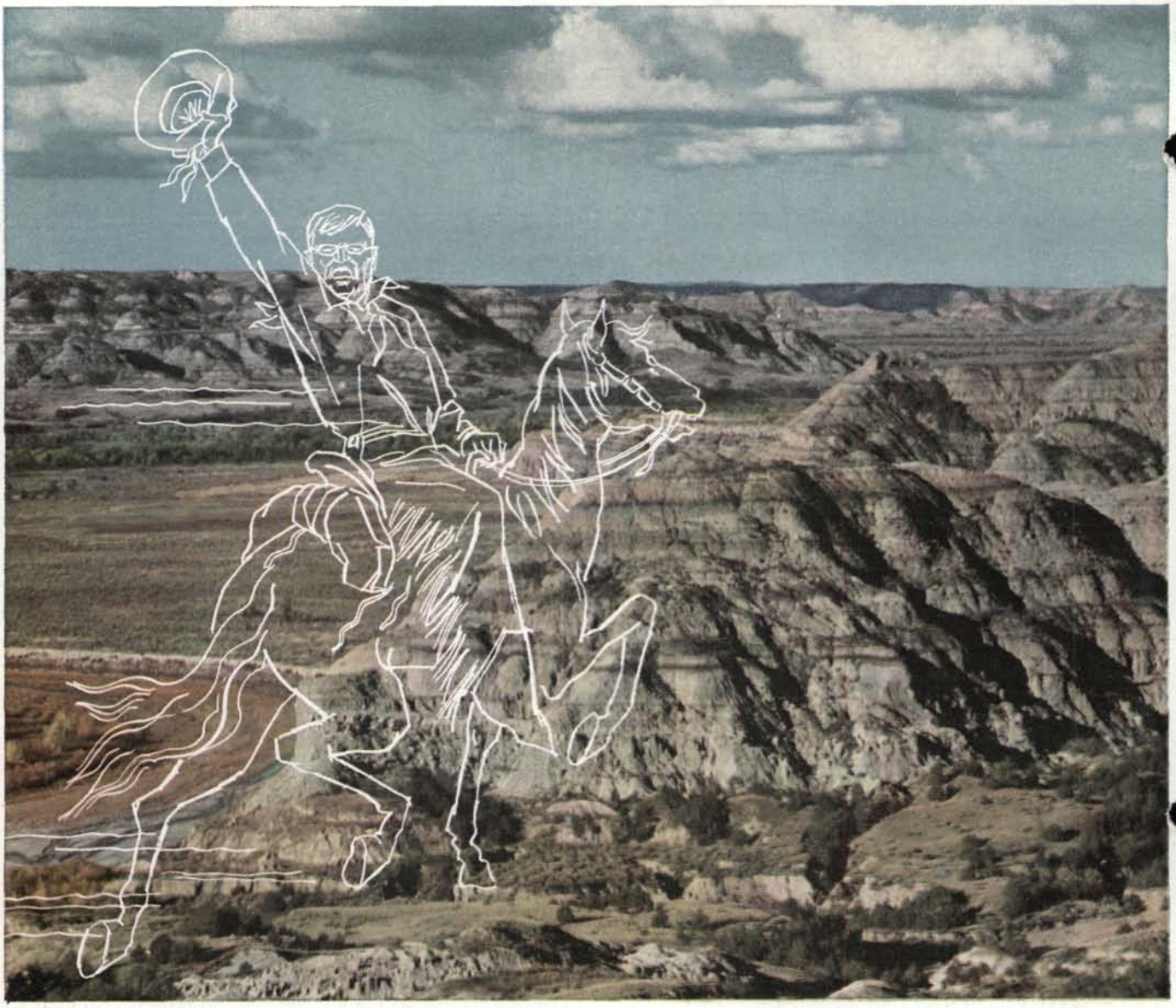

*See Theodore Roosevelt National Memorial Park, in North Dakota's beautiful Badlands.*

# T.R.—the cowboy who rode herd on our natural glories

Most Americans think of Teddy Roosevelt as part bull moose and part steam-engine. But mostly, T.R. was the Fourth of July r'ared back and walking on its hind legs. *He was a man on fire for his country,* and it was the natural glories of this land that lit the fuse.

They've made a wonderful park of his Elkhorn Ranch and the Badlands where he worked as a cowboy and found health and strength. Here, you can see the open range that made him first appreciate his country's greatness. You can ride the trails that gave his imagination new directions. You can climb the ridges that lifted his eyes, and gave him the power to lead his Rough Riders up San Juan Hill in '98.

*This is the centennial of T.R.'s birth;* if he were around today, he'd be "dee-lighted" that the conservation policies he fostered have been so wisely continued. He knew America would always need breathing space, open waters and green, growing forest – *the heart lifting glories of Nature that men must have to grow strong and great.*

★ ★ ★

**FREE TOUR INFORMATION** If you would like to visit Theodore Roosevelt National Memorial Park, or drive anywhere in the U.S.A., let us help plan your trip. Write: Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Corporation, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.– also ask for our colorful National Parks map.

**ANOTHER IN SINCLAIR'S AMERICAN CONSERVATION SERIES**

**SINCLAIR SALUTES THE THEODORE ROOSEVELT CENTENNIAL COMMISSION**

for its far-reaching educational campaign during 1958 to perpetuate the ideals of *responsible citizenship* as exemplified by the vigorous, many-sided life of our 26th President, Theodore Roosevelt. By giving new impetus to public interest in conservation of our natural resources, always of vital concern to T.R., the Commission reminds all Americans of the importance of *refreshing the human spirit* by visiting and appreciating the great outdoors.

**SINCLAIR**
*A Great Name in Oil*

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